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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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OUR CENTRAL PARK.

We publish herewith a couple of sketches of the New York Central Park, from our artist's sketch-book, representing the handsome iron bridge which spans the narrow part of the Skating Pond, and the seats which, by a pleasing fiction, are understood to be "exclusively for ladies." These sketches will be followed from time to time by others of equal fidelity and merit.

AN EXECUTION AT HAVANA.

On a clear, sultry, starlight night in April, the secretary of the Captain-General of Cuba, returning homeward from an evening visit, was set upon by four assassins and stabbed to the heart. They had no other object than robbery, were immediately apprehended, and, six weeks afterward, condemned to die by the *garrote*. I determined to witness the execution.

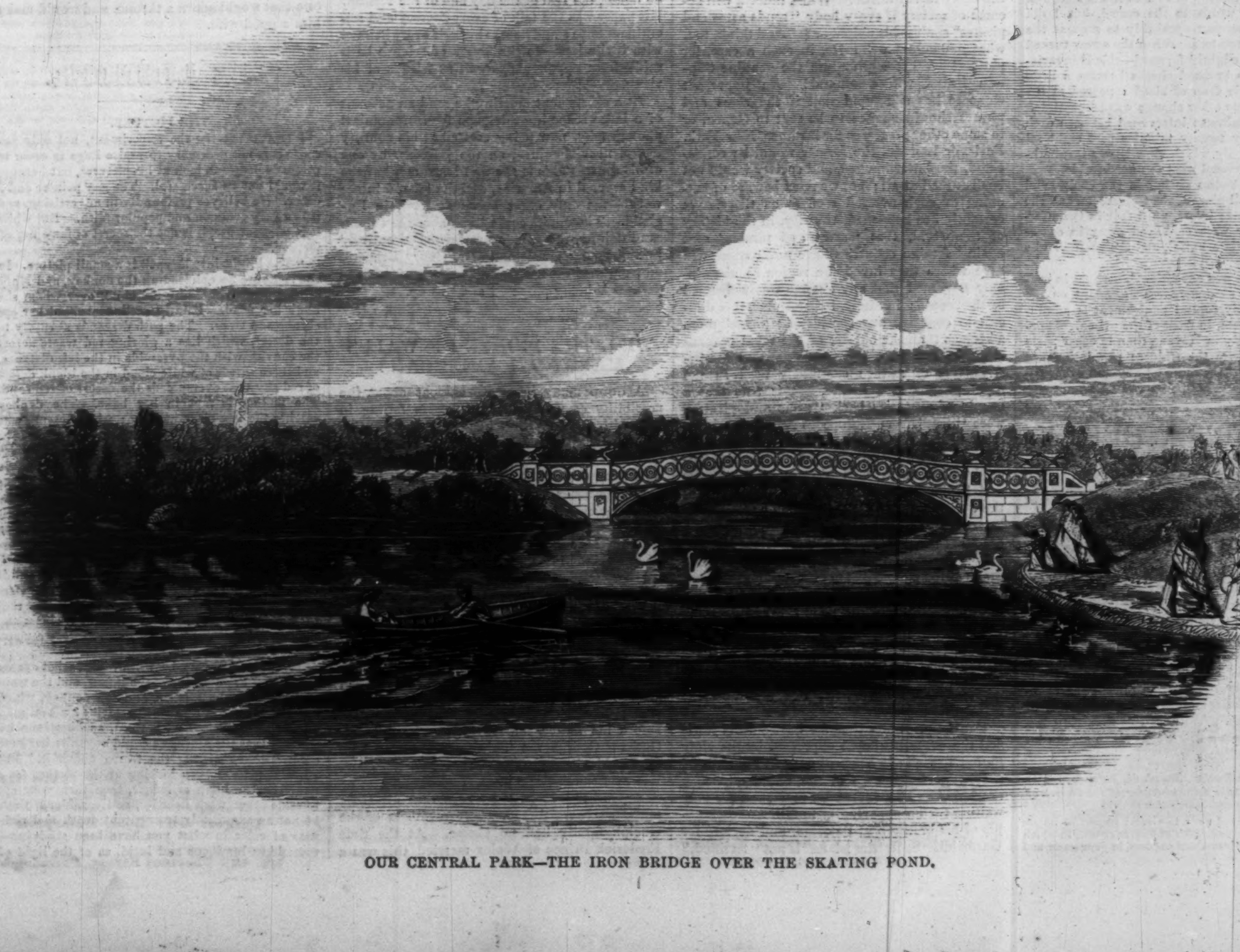
It was appointed to take place on the Paséo, outside the walls of the city, near the Montserrati Gate, close to the spot where the murder had been committed. This Paséo (Parade) is a wide drive, planted with trees, and running from the Punta (on which stands the Tacon prison, at the mouth of the harbor, opposite to the Moro) for about half a mile, almost parallel with the town. At the place where the scaffold was erected a large, open space intervenes. I went overnight to see the preparations.

These consisted of a stout platform, pitched on the highest elevation obtainable, at about five feet from the ground, and surmounted on three sides by an iron railing, a flight of steps on the fourth side affording access to it. The platform might have been twelve feet square. Within it were four strong chairs, three painted red, and one—to which the instrument of punishment was affixed—black. That I shall describe presently.

Anticipating the presence of a large crowd, I and my two companions started at six, an hour before the appointed time, taking with us our "boy" attendant, Tomás—as great a thief as ever wore black (or white) cuticle—for the benefit of the moral example. When we reached the ground, finding the concourse not so great as we had expected, we beguiled the time with coffee and cigars, the so-called beverage consisting of a few drops in a cupful of milk—barely sufficient to discolor it—after the Cuban fashion. (This coffee is grown on the island, and is inferior to Mocha.) Then, smoking, we strolled toward the Tacon prison, expectant of the criminals. Our speech presently caused us to be accosted by an Englishwoman, who knew no Spanish, and revealed herself as a newly-arrived governess in the family of a wealthy Cuban, and something of an amateur in executions, for she told us she had witnessed two in London. So the most gallant of our party took her in charge, procuring her a seat in a *volante*, and an excellent view of the business in hand; thereby separating himself from us, for we saw no more of him till all was over, when we learned that his companion had gone home in the carriage, which I regretted, as I had intended offering my escort to a bull and a cock-fight, being desirous of doing the honors of Havana to my inquisitive and strong-minded compatriot.

The day was very hot, even at that early hour: the crowd dense, picturesque, and offensively odoriferous. Dressed in the ordinary Cuban attire—cotton shirts, dirty-white trowsers, and sometimes straw sombreros—the swarthy, black-haired spectators, and those of still darker complexion, gradually increased until, by seven o'clock, upward of forty thousand persons must have assembled. Among them were two or three hundred horsemen—farmers or market people, who, having disposed of their oranges and bananas, awaited the execution. I observed as many as three or four on the back of one horse. In the public volantes sat a few ladies, clad in pink or white, with black vails, but no bonnets or other protection from the sun, chatting, fanning themselves, and handling opera-glasses. The trees, the city walls, the roofs of adjacent houses were thronged with beholders, mostly boys and negroes. The motley concourse and its surroundings, the city seen just before the pe-

OUR CENTRAL PARK—SEATS "EXCLUSIVELY FOR LADIES."


OUR CENTRAL PARK—THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE SKATING POND.

ried of intense sultriness of a June day in Cuba, formed a sufficiently striking and memorable spectacle.

Only a quarter of a mile intervened between the prison and scaffold, to which the condemned men were brought singly, on foot. The first made his appearance precisely at seven, preceded by two priests, the foremost bearing a long pole swathed in black cloth, and surmounted by a plain silver cross. The second carried a cross also, the figure on which was turned toward the prisoner, who, handcuffed and supported by a spiritual father on either side, marched immediately behind, two others following. These bore aloft, on poles, a sort of square glass lantern, containing, I was informed, bits of consecrated candle. All were shavenheaded, dressed loosely in black, and looking as unconcerned as though proceeding to breakfast. A company of soldiers, clad in blue and white striped cotton tunics, in shape such as the English Guards wear, only shorter, with cartouche box, cross belts, etc., complete and fixed bayonets, brought up the rear.

These soldiers formed a square around the scaffold; a body of cavalry, about a hundred in number, appertaining to the Captain-General's guard, which had arrived an hour previous, stationing themselves, with drawn swords, behind them. (More recently came a brass band, I believe for the purpose of silencing the criminals' voices, in case they should say any thing against the always suspicious Cuban Government.) Very soon the prisoner appeared on the platform, mounting the steps resolutely, without assistance, as did all his successors.

He was the one who had struck the murderous blow—a rather good-looking, dark mulatto, with a beard and mustache, wearing a loose white shirt over his clothes, and a white linen cap, with a black cross in front. The executioner, a powerful negro, in a short blue jacket, ornamented on the back with white bars, intended to represent those of a prison window (himself a criminal, who had accepted his vocation to escape a sentence of ten years' penal servitude in Africa), conducted the doomed man to the fatal chair, bared his neck, and placed it in the iron collar.

The apparatus is very simple. A screw attached to the collar passes through the back of the chair, ending in a cross-bar of perhaps three feet long. This being made to describe about half a circle tightens the screw and collar, and compresses the neck to its extremest tenuity, at once insuring strangulation and dislocating the vertebræ.

With the cap concealing his face, and the priest holding up the cross in front of him, the criminal sat but a moment; by the next the executioner had performed his office, and the man was a corpse. There ensued no struggle and no sound, but the indescribable, half-relieved, half-sympathetic one proceeding from the crowd. The head had fallen forward. After making a few motions with his hands toward the body, the priest quitted the platform to meet the second criminal, already half-way to the place of execution, while the negro removed the corpse to one of the chairs, passing a rope round it to keep it erect. With the head declining, you might have supposed it still in the garrote-chair.

Successively, and in a similar manner, the others underwent their punishment. Two of them were of almost entire negro blood; but the last, the leader of the gang, was a fine-looking Cuban, a native of Cardenas, and a notorious villain. He would not have the cap drawn over his face, and addressed a few words to the crowd, but I did not catch their purport—probably to request the prayers of the spectators. When the screw turned and his head fell slightly forward—this is invariably the case—his bronzed cheeks became a little paler, and a single drop of blood appeared at the end of his nose; no other change was perceptible.

About fifteen minutes intervened between each execution, and by twenty minutes past eight all had transpired. By which time it was insufferably hot, and the crowd next to unendurable.

They left the bodies sitting in the chairs, and exposed to the full glare of the Cuban sun, and the gaze of promiscuous idlers, until four in the afternoon, when they were conveyed away in coarse coffins for immediate burial, and the scaffold was removed.

This execution was exceptional, perhaps in consequence of the circumstances attendant on the crime. Ordinarily capital punishment is administered on the Punta, in front of the prison. It occurs less commonly in Havana than in other parts of the island, where the Chinese population are prone to the use of the knife on any and every occasion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 18, 1860.

THE POPE ON THE SICILIAN QUESTION.

It is an error to suppose, as some bigoted Protestants do, that the Pope is a mere ecclesiastic, without knowledge of the world or fellow-feeling for the human struggles which are going on around him. Quite the contrary. Pius is, and naturally wants to remain, a *temporal* sovereign; is thoroughly posted on the affairs of the day, and forms intelligent opinions on the political questions which arise in his neighborhood. Witness the following letter which he wrote a few weeks since on the insurrection in Sicily:

"*To our venerable brother, Joseph M. Papardo, Bishop of Sinope, Apostolic Administrator of the Church of Messina, greeting and benediction:*

"We have received your two most respectful letters of the 31st of January and 20th of February ult., in which you were pleased to attest and confirm, in your name and in that of the other bishops of this province, your devotion and reverence toward us and the Holy See.

"While you were suffering for our calamities and afflictions, we were watching with great anxiety and fear the bold efforts of those who, being supported by European powers, trampling on every divine and human right, designed, with surpassing impudence, to raise a revolution in those parts of Italy which had remained quiet.

"Sicily was struck and afflicted by such a misfortune; and we, venerable brother, in the midst of our sorrows, have seen that a most pernicious band of desperadoes, on board of a Sardinian ship, has landed on the island. Indeed, to the present generation and to posterity the audacity of those highwaymen will appear incredible. Their crime, however, is surpassed by the silence and connivance of those to whom the port from which they sailed belongs. Those pirates maintain that they want to insure the union of Italy. They terrify all the island with their arms; they attack the royal troops, excite the people to revolution, take possession of all places not fortified, and threaten ruin to all Sicily if she does not unite herself to the kingdom of Sardinia.

"The principles on which human society is founded are already destroyed if every body may be allowed to send arms and pirates to take possession of what belongs to others, and thus extend their own kingdom. But let those who are thus unjust and cruel know that aid will not fail to us. Therefore console yourself, venerable brother, and place your trust in the Lord, who will not keep the just long amidst such storms. Persevere in imploring Him to come to our aid and to that of Italy. Let us turn ourselves with confidence to the patronage of the Almighty Mistress of the World, the Queen of Heaven, the immaculate Virgin Mary, who has destroyed all the monsters of error and heretics.

"Meanwhile we embrace you and the other bishops of this province with all our heart, and we pray God most humbly that he will break this covenant of pirates and rebels, and defend and support with His arms you, the clergy and the people. We wish that the apostolic benediction which we impart to you and to your suffragans be a pledge of His divine protection.

"Pius Nonus.

"Rome, *9th June*, 1860, the 14th year of our Pontificate."

We need not bespeak attention for the above rescript. It will command every where admiration and respect, not alone on account of the exalted source from whence it springs, but from the practical sagacity and statesmanlike wisdom which it evinces. Well may his Holiness predict that posterity will deem "the audacity" of the "pernicious desperadoes" and "highwaymen" who march under Garibaldi "incredible." To have invaded, with less than 2000 men, an island containing 35,000 well-armed troops, several fortified places, and protected by a large number of ships of war; to have succeeded in conquering one half the island in a fortnight, taking the principal city, establishing a good government, and placing matters on such a footing in three weeks that the conquest of the remaining half of the island is merely a question of time; this is, assuredly, an exploit that may stagger the belief of posterity. The Pope shows his admirable foresight in predicting the event, and we trust that no bigoted Protestant will hereafter intimate that his Holiness lacks that attribute of greatness.

Nor can we forbear dwelling for a moment on the profound wisdom of the subsequent sentence in which we are told that "the principles on which society is founded are already destroyed if every body may be allowed to send arms and pirates to take possession of what belongs to others, and thus extend their own kingdom." The phrase is not as perspicuous as might be wished; but Popes, like oracles, are entitled to be studied; and who can help admiring the depth of sagacity which underlies the misty vail of words? What, indeed, will become of society if every body "sends arms and pirates" against his neighbor? And think, too, what a demand will arise, in such a case, for pirates! What a premium the genuine Captain Brand will command! An irreverent Genoese has suggested that if the arms and pirates should chance to be sent to Genoa, or to some other places, as for instance, New York, Paris, or London, the former would be confiscated, the latter hanged, and society would not be disturbed at all; but we must beware of listening to such avowed scoffers as these. It certainly has happened, thus far, in the history of the world, that "arms and pirates" sent against foreign countries have never succeeded save where they invaded a region so abominably governed that any change was welcomed by the people; in Sicily, in particular, it is difficult to conceive any species of "pirate" more atrocious than the officers of the royal government, or any "arms" so villainous as the instruments of torture commonly used in the royal prisons at Palermo. It is true that a couple of centuries back "arms and pirates" were "sent" from Europe to America, with a grant of this continent from the predecessors of Pius the Ninth, and that the pirates did succeed for a time in butchering quiet Huguenots and Indians and stealing their property; but their triumph was short, and they were speedily hanged, as we all know. These, however, are trifles, and should not be dwelt on.

The invocation which closes the same paragraph of the epistle it is not becoming to discuss. Scoffers may say that the new Catholic doctrine to which it has reference is hardly confirmed by the exigency in which the Pope is placed; and that if the discovery of the Immaculate Conception has no riper fruits in store than those it has already bestowed on the Church of Rome, it might as well have been left undiscovered. But this is mere cavil.

Certainly, events thus far have hardly justified the confident hopes expressed by the Holy Father. Sicily has passed out of the hands of the King of Naples, and the very Archbishop to whom the above letter was addressed is only waiting for an opportunity to follow the example of his brethren at Palermo, and declare for Garibaldi. Still "the island" is not "terrified," nor is "ruin threatened," save only by the Pope's faithful servants, the bombardiers of Bomba junior. But the end is not yet; and who knows what a Papal benediction and a Papal curse may not bring forth?

No one, we repeat, can fail to perceive how wise and truly Christian are the sentiments of the Papal letter; what a fund of practical common sense and knowledge of the world it reveals; and how thoroughly it proves the Pope to be the best possible temporal ruler for the most important and most troubled state in Italy.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY.

When the Rev. Sydney Smith, some twenty-five years ago, asked his famous question, "Who reads an American book?" he little thought that, in the year 1860, the great feature at a meeting of the most eminent British and Continental *savans* would be a paper read by a professor in an American University. At the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, papers were read by the most renowned of England's men of science; but, says an English paper, the great attraction of the session was a paper read by J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology, and President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and author of a work on Human Physiology, which is the standard authority on this subject in Europe as well as America.

Professor Draper attended the meeting of the Association at the special invitation of the Committee, whose guest he was. When his turn came to read, the various sections, which meet daily in different halls of the city, adjourned to listen. The spacious hall of the University reading-room was "literally crowded to suffocation by an audience composed of persons of the highest literary and scientific reputation, of both sexes." The subject of Professor Draper's paper was, "The Intellectual Development of Europe considered with reference to the View that the Progression of Organisms is determined by Law." His object was to prove that the advancement of civilization in Europe was not fortuitous, but determined by a physical law—a subject which the learned professor will shortly develop more fully in a work now in press by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the fruit of many years of assiduous study and scientific investigation.

His lecture lasted an hour, and, though the day was oppressively hot, was listened to with breathless interest. No sooner had he closed than half a dozen eager *savans* struggled for the floor—some desirous to offer congratulations and thanks for the able paper, and others as anxious to combat the novel and striking views of the American professor. According to the reports, a most lively discussion ensued—some of the ablest members of the Association ranging themselves on the side of Dr. Draper, who found himself, very much to his own surprise no doubt, the lion of the day and of the session. His paper was the talk of every literary and scientific coterie; and he was himself overwhelmed with invitations—to the honor of science be it said—from opponents as well as friends of his views.

At a subsequent meeting he read an account of a large reflecting telescope for astronomical photography, now being erected at his country house, near Hastings, on the Hudson, by one of his sons. This is the first instrument of the kind erected in America, and the second in the world—the only other being at Kew, in England. Though its cost will be above ten thousand dollars, the means are furnished entirely by the young gentleman (Dr. Henry Draper), under whose supervision also the intricate apparatus is being prepared and put up.

WILL THE PRINCE OF WALES MARRY AN AMERICAN?

A good many jokes are current about the possibility of the Prince of Wales falling in love with an American belle, and the possible consequences of such a catastrophe. Every body looks at the subject in a quizzical light; no one ever seems to have dreamed that it may become a sober reality, and that it may end in an American sharing the throne of England. Yet stranger things have happened.

If the Prince lives, he must marry. By law he is forbidden to marry a subject; nor can he wed any woman who is not a Protestant. It is thus impossible that he can find a wife in England, France, Spain, Italy, Southern Germany, or Russia. His choice is restricted to Northern Germany and the United States. His ancestors have all married Germans. George the First married Sophia of Zell; George the Second married Caroline of Anspach; Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died before his father, married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha; George the Third married Charlotte of Mecklenburg; George the Fourth, Caroline of Brunswick; Queen Victoria, Albert of Saxe-Gotha. It may be said that all these marriages were forced. The members of the Guelph family had no choice. At the time Frederick Prince of Wales married, this was a colony; when George the Fourth married, in 1795, the United States were little better than a colony in the eye of Englishmen; Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, could hardly have been expected to deviate from precedent, and marry an American. Of all the heirs-apparent of the House of Brunswick the Prince of Wales is the first who is not forced by law to marry into one of the German families.

Now there are very substantial reasons why he should not do so. Without exception, these German marriages have proved unpopular in England. Caroline of Anspach was a shrew; Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was a fool, if not something worse; Caroline of Brunswick scandalized Europe by her divorce suits and her loose behavior; Prince Albert is, without exception, the most unpopular man in England. The English say, with great truth, that they have to grant to all these foreigners large annual salaries, and that the only reward they get for them is the sacrifice of British to German interests. All of these German wives or husbands have lived on the British people, and supported their friends in Deutschland on what they screwed out of Parliament. More than this, in time of trouble they have, time and again, used the arms and money of England to serve the interests of their broken-down families in Germany. Prince Albert, as every one knows, played a thoroughly double-faced game, in the interest of the German oligarchs, during the Crimean war.

These facts are not likely to render the British nation partial to another German marriage. The English have married their Princess Royal to a German whom they had to pay handsomely for taking her, just as they had to pay Albert for marrying their Queen; but when it comes to settling their Prince of Wales, they may look for something better than a Dutchwoman. If they do, they can not look elsewhere than here.

It can not be questioned but, in view of statesmanlike policy, an American marriage would be a wise step on the part of the Prince. This country ought to be made the best friend of Great Britain. We are the only people in the world who have established and maintain institutions based on the same foundation as those of England. Between England and the European Powers there never can be any lasting friendship; this is the only country by whose firm alliance Great Britain could set store, if she could secure it. She can never find a friend so valuable or so stanch as the United States, if only she can secure our friendship. And there is no way so simple—in view of the character of our people—to secure that friendship as by having her Prince marry an American.

This, too, is a Democratic age, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales with an untitled girl would be a famous hit with the British people. It would have a spice of romance about it which would render the young man a hero at once. We may add that the Prince can find among our American girls more than one that would adorn a throne, and would make him a good wife.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PICTURE.

I shall not try the experiment, not only because it is not necessary to praise Page in order to persuade people to look at his pictures, but because it would not be successful. The gay painter and I differ. He believes profoundly in advertising, and it is a very common and popular faith. But while it is of great use, it is not the secret of fame nor of fortune.

"The Flight into Egypt" is a small picture. In the right are Joseph leading the donkey, and Mary sitting upon it, holding the child, over whom she bows her head. Faintly outlined behind her are shrubs and trees. The path descends abruptly to the desert, which lies a glaring red waste across the canvas, with the pyramids in the left distance, and three shreds of white cloud in the blank desert of red sky that overspreads the desert of red sand. The mother is rapt in her babe. The donkey catches the last bit of herbage; while Joseph, who has already begun to descend, gravely surveys the boundless desolation upon which he is entering. They are literally going down into Egypt; and in no other picture of the subject that I recall is the fact that they are going forth into solitude and danger so impressively treated. Usually they sit under a palm-tree by the wayside, and the journey is subordinated to the holy character of the travelers. But here the journey is the central point of interest. Joseph has his back to the infant, and is evidently thinking only of the rough way before him. The dim foliage in the corner shows that they are turning away from pleasant coolness and verdure. It is vague, as if it were already a memory.

This is, so far, very beautiful. But what are we to make of the drawing of the infant, and the want of beauty in the mother, and the donkey, which looks as if cut out of a fine nectarine? You may do what you choose with them, as likewise with the fact that the Madonna could not raise her head erect without hitting the frame above it. But when you have been looking at the picture for a quarter of an hour, or longer, then turn your eye to some other work near by, and consider if there be not an exquisitely transparent depth and richness of color in what you have been studying—something luminous and lurid, as of the light of

the hot desert, and cloudless, hot, Syrian sky. Is the picture bald, or only simple? Is it one of those works of Page of which it is perpetually said, "Page is a great painter, doubtless, but this picture doesn't prove it?" What picture does prove it? Did the Venus? Do his portraits? Even a Lounger can see that the same hand which painted the Venus painted "The Flight into Egypt."

—I wanted to say something of Brown's large picture of New York, from Hoboken, and of the dewy freshness of a small Cattle-piece, by Troyon, which are in other lounging places; but I wait until another week.

OF CLAMS.

Richard says that he has read with great interest the remarks of Mr. Douglas upon clams, but that the distinguished orator omits to mention what a clam-bake is, while he highly commends the institution. Richard further says that he supposes a clam-bake means a feast of baked clams. But the baking of clams upon the shore for thousands of people can not be done in ordinary pans or ovens, or, indeed, culinary vessels of any kind, he thinks: and Richard, as usual, is right.

Narraganset clams are very famous, and they are justly famous. No great political canvass is ever carried on in the State of Rhode Island without their assistance. They contribute material aid to the cause. Nor are their benefactions confined to political occasions. Military companies "go on clam-bakes." Sunday-schools have annual clam-bakes (or used to). Private parties are incessantly going on clam-bakes. The rocks in the bay—the points upon the shore—the islands—the groves—are all consecrated to the eating of clams.

Clams are of two kinds. There is the long clam and the round. The round clam is called quahog—a word which the natives of the Narraganset shore call kohog. The quahog is of the texture of sole-leather, and as nutritious as rhinoceros hide. Yet in every kohog there is a sweet bit of marrow—succulent, tender, and delicious—only it is not worth the trouble of discovering. The long clam has a dark neck, and a marrowy, saline, exquisite morsel as large as the end of a small little finger. It is this clam which is peculiarly sacred to the solemn ceremony of the "Bake."

For this purpose large stones are piled together upon the beach, forming a kind of rough pit or oven. In this a large fire is built, and fed until the stones are thoroughly heated. Then a light layer of moist sea-weed is spread, the clams in the shell are "dumped in," goodly ears of green Indian corn are added, the whole is piled deep in the moist sea-weed, and the delicious clams are cooked in the salt steam generated of the weed and the hot stones. The corn, likewise, is delightfully baked and browned. Under a rough shed near by, or in a shady grove upon the shore, a table of honest boards stands ready, with huge platters of crackers (biscuits) and bottles of pepper-sauce. There are sometimes tumblers, also, and bottles not of pepper-sauce. The hot clams are brought from the stones and heaped upon the table. The shells are opened by the heat, and a slight effort parts them entirely and reveals the clam, which is seized by the thumb and forefinger—as the ogre lifted Hop-o'-my-thumb—and the choice bit is caught and consumed, while the shell and the residuary clam are thrown into a large basket or under the table.

It is manual exercise altogether; and I have not forgotten the amusing helplessness of some New York belles at a clam-bake upon the island, near Newport, who tried to manage the clam with knife and silver fork. Most of them relinquished the effort and the clam, and returned to the hotels—renowned haunts of refinement—with an impression that clam-bakes were vulgar. But a few persevered and triumphed.

Usually the clam-bake includes a chowder, and a more delightful picnic is not possible than a genuine clam-bake upon some lovely point of Narraganset Bay, "in summer when the days are long"—when the salt air of the ocean breathes up the bay, and the party is a party of friends. There was once a chowder club in Providence. It had its President and proper officers, and one of the traditional jokes of the shore is the toast of a wag who was a member of the club, and who, after a successful "bake and chowder," having expatiated upon the great fitness of their President, concluded by saying, "And now, gentlemen, I give you the health of our great chowder Head."

The joke was doubtless recalled and recounted at the late great feast of clams.

THE MERRY PAINTER.

A painter said to me the other day that we had no professional enthusiasts of art; no body of men whose business it is to applaud every thing that is done by certain artists, and to depreciate all the works of other men. We were sitting before the new picture by Page, at Snedecor's, "The Flight into Egypt," and the painter was talking with merry sarcasm of the public.

"There is the Parisian Rousseau," he said; "he has a great name, but he is no better than many other artists of the same kind in Paris. However, the *feuilletonistes* took him up, and said 'How beautiful!' and now it is *de rigueur* to admire whatever Rousseau does. One year I was at the Exposition," he continued, "and Rousseau's 'Morning' had the place of honor. 'Twas a pretty picture, and there were many pretty pictures in the room. A group of intelligent people approached. The gentlemen were decorated, the ladies had the I-don't-know-what of fine society: evidently they were cultivated, high-bred persons. They looked at the pictures without a catalogue, 'How charming!' 'how agreeable!' 'how rich!' 'how warm!' they exclaimed in delight. 'But how horrible this is!' 'how flat!' 'how dull!' they said, as they glanced at the Rousseau, and passed on. Presently they began to study the catalogue. '*Mais*,' said one, 'Rousseau's "Morning" is here: where is it?' They looked eagerly for the number, and found the picture which they had just passed by. 'Ah! how exquisite! how soft! how pearly! Don't you positively feel the dew? What a master! What a genius!'"

The jolly painter laughed as he told the anecdote with twinkling eyes.

"No: we yet want the professional enthusiasts," he continued; "the men who insist that the accident to the canvas is the best part of the picture. Delacroix sent a work to the Exhibition. Upon the way thither one of the feet was nearly rubbed out by chafing. 'Hi! hi!' cried the anti-Delacroixians, when the picture was hung. 'What's the matter with that foot?'

"'Matter!' retorted the unswerving disciples of Delacroix—'matter! stupids? Why, that is the subtle splendor and excellence of the work.' They defended it stoutly, for they supposed it was done by Delacroix, and what Delacroix did must be right. Presently the master explained that it was an accident. 'Hi! hi!' shouted the foe. '*Ciel!*' retorted the friends of the artist, 'we knew it all the time; but when we said it was all right, you could not show how it was wrong. And you call yourselves critics, connoisseurs, and pretend to sit in judgment upon Delacroix!'"

The merry painter laughed once more.

"Some clever fellow takes a fancy to an artist—say Diaz. Nobody has ever heard of Diaz. The clever fellow writes in his *feuilleton*, 'Such color! such tenderness!' He keeps writing, and another clever fellow echoes, 'So tender! so rich!' The dealers are aroused. They rush to seize chance by the forelock, and secure their share of the works of this man, who is going to be the fashion. They take every thing. A dab of his brush sells for five hundred francs. He is the mode, the rage. Presently some other clever fellow begins to praise a new man—'So grand! so terrible!' The echoes awaken and reply. There is another rush—another mode—another rage."

I made a low bow to the gay painter.

"Why do you bow?"

"Because you compliment my craft."

He shrugged his shoulders, and said,

"But 'tis true. Try it! Insist every week that Gobb is a great painter, and your friend Gunnybags will look through his fist at his pictures, and say, at last, 'I believe that Lounger is right. It is as he says. I see it now.'"

"Who made Raphael's success?"

"'Twas the same thing. 'Twas favor, only in another way. Uncle Bramante invited him to Rome, and persuaded the Pope to give him the Vatican commissions."

The smiling painter was resolute.

"Do you think," I asked, "any Lounger could make people think this 'Flight into Egypt' a great picture?"

"Certainly," he answered, serious for the first time.

"Ah, you inveterate joker! Good-morning!"

RAILROAD RHYMES.

BY AN ARTIST IN WOOD.

There sat beside me on the Boston train
  A piece of nature's choicest journey-work;
  Ebony-black her hair; her eyes pitch-dark;
Bright cherry lips; rosewood her pure cheeks' stain;
Not satin wood, inlaid with curious vein,
  Rivals the whiteness of her outside bark;
  While well-turned limbs, beyond the carver's mark,
Bespeak good "stuff," high polish, and straight grain.
She spoke of "Maplewood School," and what a deal
  They "saw" that board there—solid or veneers;
She spoke of Stockbridge, Lenox, Curtisville,
  Where, foot by foot, she measured girlhood's years.
Oh, could I join-'er (lip to lip fast glued),
I'd lap the *sweetest of all* the lasses of Maplewood!

Graver.

LIVING BY FITS.

In *Once a Week*, a publication with which *Harper's Weekly* has an understanding for early sheets, there are some exclusively London articles which must be delightful reading for the Londoner, and have sometimes entertaining passages for all the world. The author is the extremely clever writer who signs himself Gamma, and in a recent paper upon odd people and odd sights in London he gives some details of men who live by fits. Fits is their profession. They follow fits. Fits are their wits. It is their way of appealing for charity; or, to speak more exactly, it is the way they work for pay. Filling his mouth with some saponaceous compound to produce foam upon demand, the professor of fits awaits some throng in a proper place, and seeing no policeman near, down he goes upon the pavement, head banging, eyes rolling, mouth foaming, a truly ghastly spectacle, while the compassionate crowd console, and exclaim, and pity, and as he gradually revives, give him their prayers and stray silver.

On one occasion, however, a policeman happened by, who knew "the professor," and ordered him to desist instantly from his fits and pass on. But an intelligent spectator suggested that the professor should be allowed to complete his performance, and the policeman assented. The more he twisted, the more the crowd, also, was convulsed with laughter. The more he foamed at the mouth, the louder and more lustily they applauded, until he gradually recovered his senses "and slunk away in a very sheepish manner indeed, with a wild reproach to the by-standers upon their ignorance of the treatment which ought to be adopted in cases so distressing as his own."

But there was one of these gentry, who combined plain common-sense with great skill in fits. Gamma says that this excellent adept "wore a placard round his neck which became visible as soon as his waistcoat came open, which it did invariably. The placard said, '*I am liable to these fits: don't bleed me; give me some brandy and water!*'"

It is clear that New York, accomplished in civilization as she is, yet lacks some of its rarest results.

TO HER IN THE COUNTRY.

I know where it came from—
  This tuft of pine hair,
Shut into the volume quaint and rare
  Of old-world sayings.
She paused in her reading and shut the book,
When the wind in the tops of the pine-trees shook,
And by the mark for her place she took
  I've learned her strayings.

  They stand there together,
  And stand there alone;
A hundred dark pine-trees making their moan
  To the great dark mountain;
And standing beneath them with wistful eyes,
She sees, through the branches that pierce the skies,
A cloud that before the strong wind flies,
  And great tears well from their fountain.

* * * * *

  Perhaps when side by side we stand,
  My rougher sense may catch the tone
Which is all too harsh for her ear alone
  The harmony thus completing.
Perhaps—ah! would that it might be so!
The saddening wind will cease to blow,
When through one channel our lives shall flow—
  Long parted—forever meeting.

E. G. C.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The New Bailie of Peebles.—A burgess of this gravely-pleasant town sallied forth into the Green, having that same day been made a magistrate. He stumbled against a cow, and the milker shouted to him, "Man! haud aff ma coo!" "Wumman!" said he, looking sternly at her, "I'm no a *man*; I'm a *bailie!*"

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a distance, and expected, in a short time, to be married, "you are getting thin."—"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; when I come next I think you may see my rib."

M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

People say that they *shell* pease, when they *un*-shell them; that they *husk* corn, when they *un*-husk it; that they *dust* the furniture, when they *un*-dust it, or take the dust from it; that they *skin* a calf, when they *un*-skin it; and that they *scale* fishes, when they *un*-scale them. I have heard many men say they were going to *weed* their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

'Art Exposition.—A cockney telling 'is love to the lady 'e adores.

The Right thing in the Wrong Place.—A love-letter written on a mourning sheet.

Questions under Discussion.—Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops? Secondly: Did the man who prosecuted his journey into Wales recover his expenses?

The Oswego *Times* tells a good story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretensions, who excused herself to a visitor for doing housework thus: "Mother and I do our own housework, because it is so exceedingly romantic."

A young lady, who is of course poetical, and who has just crossed the Atlantic, describes the engines of the steamer as "two of the politest monsters that ever issued from Pandemonium; a happy family dancing the Lancers with grace and ease, and without boisterous noise or pretense."

An American traveler in Italy, stopping at Genoa, very naturally visited the house where Columbus was born. In writing home, he regretted that he did not see that illustrious personage, as he wished to thank him for discovering the fine country of which he had the honor to be a citizen.

An Indian being at an Englishman's table at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a large quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied, "I don't wonder at all the froth that comes out of the bottle; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

A new way of collecting a bad debt was most effectively tried a few weeks ago in the Rue de la Seine, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words, "Monsieur C—— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge*; I am waiting until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

A facetious Scotchman some time ago took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up, in Boulogne, the servants were all newly imported cockneys; and Mr. M——, who is a sterling wag, mystified them not a little by his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with, "Fetch me ma shoon, lassie."—"Ah, Sir," said she, "I don't understand French!"

Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preserver of his game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expression by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's warmth was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what *he* would do if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. "I would ask him in to luncheon," was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion, when lecturing his class, he said, "Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful, or otherwise?"—"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.—"*Rather* powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it would kill a dog!" The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

What is the difference between a running stream of water and a dog torn in two?—The one is a *current*, and the other a *rent cur*.

A person of the masculine gender putting on female apparel, for the fun of the thing, of course only plays fair.

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the enraged officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny!" roared the other, "why it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith. I ain't the man that was to be whipped; it's the other one. You'll have it all to do over again. Ha! ha!"

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"
"No, Sir; I have been married more than a week."
"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"
"No; I belong to the order of married men."
"Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?"
"No; I'm a carpenter."
"Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"
"No; I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling."

"Vat's de matter, vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman in Ratcliffe, as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in the street. "Vat's de matter?"

"There's a man killed," replied a by-stander.

"Oh, ish dat all?" said our friend, evidently disappointed—"ish dat all? Shoost a man kilt! Humph, I thought it was a fight."

Little Alice, dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping up and down the passage, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out too.

"No," answered Alice, "you can't go—you are not dressed well enough."

Her uncle laughingly remarked, "that the pride stuck out quite early."

"No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, it's my new silk frock that sticks out so."

There is an anecdote extant of the late Lady Byron which is worth repeating. Being one day in company with Lord Palmerston, she asked his lordship how he had managed to survive the many administrations of which he had been part and parcel. "Lady Byron," replied the premier, "you must know that from my birth I have *hobbled* through life."

It is, perhaps, seldom that a young woman, departing for Australia, takes even so thoughtful a view of her future lot as one we once heard of, who, after her trunk was packed and all ready, remembered how, at school, she had seen that the globe was round, with the southern hemisphere on the opposite side to the northern, and reflected that in her new home her position would be inverted—a condition so inconsistent with the decorum in which she had been trained that no persuasion would induce her to submit to it.

"Oh that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors "visiting."

"Guard," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?"—"No, Sir; we are running for cash."

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair." Bad enough, is it not, good woman?

The natural genius of Mrs. Partington was recently well illustrated when she put a tub in the garden to catch soft water when it was raining hard.

When beggars cease to importune you, it is time to begin to think about purchasing new apparel. Some respect is due to the opinion of others.

"Tom, what's monomany?"—"Why, you see, Dick, when a poor woman steals it is called larceny; but when it's a rich 'un the jury says it's monomany, and can't help it—that's it."

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping.—"Just so," was the answer, as the speaker glanced from the window; "they leak bad enough, to be sure."

"Landlord," said a commercial traveler, "you do me too much honor—you let me sleep among the big bugs last night."—"Oh, don't be too modest, my dear Sir," said the landlord; "I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft, loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a *board*, do you!" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

OUR HORSE CONGRESS.

We publish on the following page a number of horses' heads, which will give some idea of the various popular breeds of horses now in use in the world. At the head of the group is the diminutive Shetland pony, the smallest of all horses; and at the bottom of the page will be seen the gigantic Clydesdale.

The beautiful Arabian forms the centre; while the thorough-bred and the hunter, being the nearest of kin, are placed in the same line. The farmer's brood mare—perhaps the most useful of all—we have classed with the work horses at the bottom of the engraving. The Highland shooting pony, immortal in the works of Landseer, being an animal of great hardihood and utility, occupies a prominent position; and the Canadian will be recognized by the curly nature of his mane—so unmistakably indicative of this peculiar and popular breed.

The hunter is, or rather was, one remove from the thorough-bred—possessing more bone and muscle for carrying weight across a hilly country.

To these few races we trace all the horses to be found on the face of the globe. Nothing can exceed the beautiful outline of the head of the Arabian, so superior even to that of the thorough-bred racer. The Clydesdale breed are of great value in all parts of Europe; though they are considered somewhat too large for this country—the cross between the Canadian and the ordinary draught horse answering all purposes for draught and labor.

HIGHLAND PONY. HUNTER OR TROTTER. FARMER'S BROOD MARE. SHETLAND. ARAB. CLYDESDALE. CANADIAN. THOROUGH-BRED.

A HORSE CONGRESS—DELEGATES FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

THE TOWN OF DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, IN SYRIA.

We publish above a picture of the town of Dheir-el-Kamar, in Syria, which was, a few weeks since, the scene of a frightful massacre of Christians by the Druses. Dheir-el-Kamar was a place of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom were Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. The place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it the inhabitants surrendered, on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors, who fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses.

It was at Dheir-el-Kamar that the fiendish outrages took place which are related in our last number in the news columns. The whole city has been laid desolate.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

III.

The last notes of the introduction to the Opera were being played, and the seats in the pit were all filled, when Pesca and I reached the theatre.

There was plenty of room, however, in the passage that ran round the pit, which was precisely the position best calculated to answer the purpose for which I was attending the performance. I went first to the barrier separating us from the stalls, and looked for the Count in that part of the theatre. He was not there. Returning along the passage, on the left-hand side from the stage, and looking about me attentively, I discovered him in the pit. He occupied an excellent place, some twelve or fourteen seats from the end of a bench, within three rows of the stalls. I placed myself exactly on a line with him, Pesca standing by my side. The Professor was not yet aware of the purpose for which I had brought him to the theatre, and he was rather surprised that we did not move nearer to the stage.

The curtain rose, and the Opera began.

Throughout the whole of the first act we remained in our position, the Count, absorbed by the orchestra and the stage, never casting so much as a chance glance at us. Not a note of Donizetti's delicious music was lost on him. There he sat, high above his neighbors, smiling, and nodding his great head enjoyingly, from time to time. When the people near him applauded the close of an air (as an English audience in such circumstances always *will* applaud), without the least consideration for the orchestral movement which immediately followed it, he looked round at them with an expression of compassionate remonstrance, and held up one hand with a gesture of polite entreaty. At the more refined passages of the singing, at the more delicate phrases of the music, which passed unapplauded by others, his fat hands adorned with perfectly-fitting black kid gloves, softly patted each other, in token of the cultivated appreciation of a musical man. At such times his only murmur of approval, "Bravo! Bra-a-a-a!" hummed through the silence like the purring of a great cat. His immediate neighbors on either side—hearty, ruddy-faced people from the country, basking amazedly in the sunshine of fashionable London—seeing and hearing him, began to follow his lead. Many a burst of applause from the pit, that night, started from the soft, comfortable patting of the black-gloved hands. The man's voracious vanity devoured this implied tribute to his local and critical supremacy with an appearance of the highest relish. Smiles rippled continuously over his fat face. He looked about him at the pauses in the music, serenely satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures. "Yes! yes! these barbarous English people are learning something from ME. Here, there, and every where, I—Fosco—am an Influence that is felt, a Man who sits supreme!" If ever face spoke, his face spoke then; and that was its language.

The curtain fell on the first act, and the audience rose to look about them. This was the time I had waited for—the time to try if Pesca knew him.

He rose with the rest, and surveyed the occupants of the boxes grandly with his opera-glass. At first his back was toward us; but he turned round in time to our side of the theatre, and looked at the boxes above us, using his glass for a few minutes—then removing it, but still continuing to look up. This was the moment I chose, when his full face was in view, for directing Pesca's attention to him.

"Do you know that man?" I asked.

"Which man, my friend?"

"The tall, fat man standing there, with his face toward us."

Pesca raised himself on tip-toe, and looked at the Count.

"No," said the Professor. "The big fat man is a stranger to me. Is he famous? Why do you point him out?"

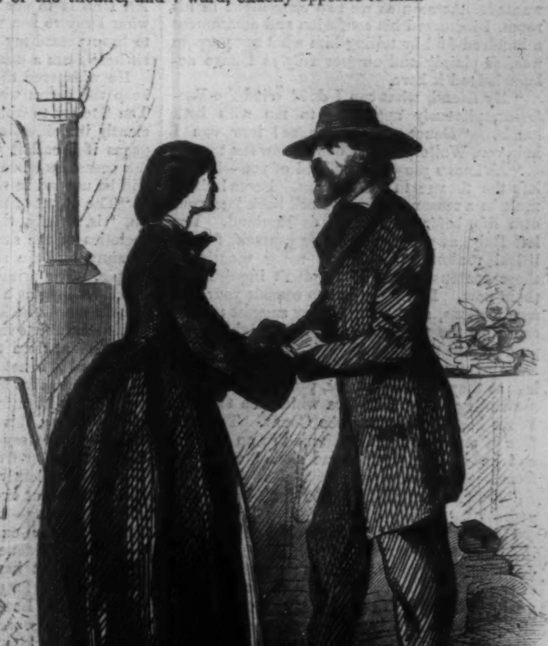
"Because I have particular reasons for wishing to know something of him. He is a countryman of yours; his name is Count Fosco. Do you know that name?"

"Not I, Walter. Neither the name nor the man is known to me."

"Are you quite sure you don't recognize him? Look again; look carefully. I will tell you why I am so anxious about it when we leave the theatre. Stop! let me help you up here, where you can see him better."

I helped the little man to perch himself on the edge of the raised dais upon which the pit seats were all placed. Here his small stature was no hinderance to him; here he could see over the heads of the ladies who were seated near the outermost part of the bench. A slim, light-haired man, standing by us, whom I had not noticed before—a man with a scar on his left cheek—looked attentively at Pesca as I helped him up, and then looked still more attentively, following the direction of Pesca's eyes, at the Count. Our conversation might have reached his ears, and might, as it struck me, have roused his curiosity.

Meanwhile, Pesca fixed his eyes earnestly on the broad, full, smiling face, turned a little upward, exactly opposite to him.



"SHE HELD ME BY BOTH HANDS," ETC.

"No," he said; "I have never set my two eyes on that big fat man before in all my life."

As he spoke, the Count looked downward toward the boxes behind us on the pit tier.

The eyes of the two Italians met.

The instant before I had been perfectly satisfied, from his own reiterated assertion, that Pesca did not know the Count. The instant afterward I was equally certain that the Count knew Pesca!

Knew him, and—more surprising still—*feared* him as well! There was no mistaking the change that passed over the villain's face. The leaden hue that altered his yellow complexion in a moment, the sudden rigidity of all his features, the furtive scrutiny of his cold gray eyes, the motionless stillness of him from head to foot, told their own tale. A mortal dread had mastered him, body and soul; and his own recognition of Pesca was the cause of it!

The slim man, with the scar on his cheek, was still close by us. He had apparently drawn his inference from the effect produced on the Count by the sight of Pesca, as I had drawn mine. He was a mild, gentlemanlike man, looking like a foreigner; and his interest in our proceedings was not expressed in any thing approaching to an offensive manner.

For my own part, I was so startled by the change in the Count's face, so astounded at the entirely unexpected turn which events had taken, that I knew neither what to say or do next. Pesca roused me by stepping back to his former place at my side, and speaking first.

"How the fat man stares!" he exclaimed. "Is it at *me?* Am *I* famous? How can he know me, when I don't know him?"

I kept my eye still on the Count. I saw him move for the first time when Pesca moved, so as not to lose sight of the little man, in the lower position in which he now stood. I was curious to see what would happen if Pesca's attention, under these circumstances, was withdrawn from him; and I accordingly asked the Professor if he recognized any of his pupils, that evening, among the ladies in the boxes. Pesca immediately raised the large opera-glass to his eyes, and moved it slowly all round the upper part of the theatre, searching for his pupils with the most conscientious scrutiny.

The moment he showed himself to be thus engaged, the Count turned round, slipped past the persons who occupied seats on the farther side of him from where we stood, and disappeared in the middle passage down the centre of the pit. I caught Pesca by the arm, and, to his inexpressible astonishment, hurried him round with me to the back of the pit, to intercept the Count before he could get to the door. Somewhat to my surprise, the slim man hastened out before us, avoiding a stoppage caused by some people on our side of the pit leaving their places, by which Pesca and myself were delayed. When we reached the lobby the Count had disappeared, and the foreigner with the scar was gone too.

"Come home," I said; "come home, Pesca, to your lodgings. I must speak to you in private—I must speak directly."

"My-soul-bless-my-soul!" cried the Professor, in a state of the extremest bewilderment. "What on earth is the matter?"

I walked on rapidly without answering. The circumstances under which the Count had left the theatre suggested to me that his extraordinary anxiety to escape Pesca might carry him to farther extremities still. He might escape me, too, by leaving London. I doubted the future, if I allowed him so much as a day's freedom to act as he pleased. And I doubted that foreign stranger who had got the start of us, and whom I suspected of intentionally following him out.

With this double distrust in my mind, I was not long in making Pesca understand what I wanted. As soon as we two were alone in his room, I increased his confusion and amazement a hundred-fold by telling him what my purpose was, as plainly and unreservedly as I have acknowledged it here.

"My friend, what can I do?" cried the Professor, piteously appealing to me with both hands. "Deuce-what-the-deuce! how can I help you, Walter, when I don't know the man?"

"*He* knows *you*—he is afraid of you—he has left the theatre to escape you. Pesca! there must be a reason for this. Look back into your own life, before you came to England. You left Italy, as you have told me yourself, for political reasons. You have never mentioned those reasons to me, and I don't inquire into them now. I only ask you to consult your own recollections, and to say if they suggest no past cause for the terror which the first sight of you produced in that man."

To my unutterable surprise, these words, harmless as they appeared to *me*, produced the same astounding effect on Pesca which the sight of Pesca had produced on the Count. The rosy face of my little friend whitened in an instant; and he drew back from me slowly, trembling from head to foot.

"Walter!" he said. "You don't know what you ask."

He spoke in a whisper—he looked at me as if I had suddenly revealed to him some hidden danger to both of us. In less than one minute of time he was so altered from the easy, lively, quaint little man of all my past experience, that if I had met him in the street, changed as I saw him now, I should most certainly not have known him again.

"Forgive me, if I have unintentionally pained and shocked you," I replied. "Remember the cruel wrong my wife has suffered at Count Fosco's hands. Remember that the wrong can never be redressed, unless the means are in my power of forcing him to do her justice. I spoke in *her* interest, Pesca. I ask you again to forgive me; I can say no more."

I rose to go. He stopped me before I reached the door.

"Wait," he said. "You have shaken me from head to foot. You don't know how I left my country, and why I left my country. Let me compose myself—let me think, if I can."

I returned to my chair. He walked up and down the room, talking to himself incoherently in his own language. After several turns backward and forward, he suddenly came up to me, and laid his little hands with a strange tenderness and solemnity on my breast.

"On your heart and soul, Walter," he said, "is there no other way to get to that man but the chance way through *me?*"

"There is no other way," I answered.

He left me again, opened the door of the room and looked out cautiously into the passage; closed it once more, and came back.

"You won your right over me, Walter," he said, "on the day when you saved my life. It was yours from that moment, when you pleased to take it. Take it now. Yes! I mean what I say. My next words, as true as the good God is above us, will put my life into your hands."

The trembling earnestness with which he uttered this extraordinary warning carried with it to my mind the conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Mind this!" he went on, shaking his hands at me in the vehemence of his agitation. "I hold no thread, in my own mind, between that man Fosco and the past time, which I call back to me, for your sake. If *you* find the thread, keep it to yourself—tell me nothing; on my knees, I beg and pray, let me be ignorant, let me be innocent, let me be blind to all the future, as I am now!"

He said a few words more, hesitatingly and disconnectedly—then stopped again.

I saw that the effort of expressing himself in English, on an occasion too serious to permit him the use of the quaint turns and phrases of his ordinary vocabulary, was painfully increasing the difficulty he had felt from the first in speaking to me at all. Having learned to read and understand his native language (though not to speak it), in the earlier days of our intimate companionship, I now suggested to him that he should express himself in Italian, while I used English in putting any question which might be necessary to my enlightenment. He accepted the proposal. In his own smooth-flowing language—spoken with a vehement agitation which betrayed itself in the perpetual working of his features, in the wildness and the suddenness of his foreign gesticulations, but never in the raising of his voice—I now heard the words which armed me to meet the last struggle that is left for this story to record.*

"You know nothing of my motive for leaving Italy," he began, "except that it was for political reasons. If I had been driven to this country by the persecution of my Government, I should not have kept those reasons a secret from you or from any one. I have concealed them because no Government authority has pronounced the sentence of my exile. You have heard, Walter, of the political societies that are hidden in every great city on the continent of Europe? To one of those Societies I belonged in Italy—and belong still, in England. When I came to this country, I came by the direction of my chief. I was overzealous, in my younger time; I ran the risk of compromising myself and others. For those reasons, I was ordered to emigrate to England, and to wait. I emigrated—I have waited; I wait still. To-morrow I may be called away; ten years hence I may be called away. It is all one to me—I am here; I support myself by teaching, and I wait. I violate no oath (you shall hear why, presently) in making my confidence complete by telling you the name of the Society to which I belong. All I do is to put my life in your hands. If what I say to you now is ever known by others to have passed my lips, as certainly as we two sit here I am a dead man."

He whispered the next words in my ear. I keep the secret which he thus communicated. The Society to which he belonged will be sufficiently individualized for the purpose of these pages if I call it "The Brotherhood," on the few occasions when any reference to the subject will be needed in this place.

"The object of the Brotherhood," Pesca went on, "is, briefly, the object of other political societies of the same sort—the destruction of tyranny, and the assertion of the rights of the people. The principles of the Brotherhood are two. So long as a man's life is useful, or even harmless only, he has the right to enjoy it. But if his life inflicts injury on the well-being of his fellow-men, from that moment he forfeits the right, and it is not only no crime, but a positive merit, to deprive him of it. It is not for me to say in what frightful circumstances of oppression and suffering this Society took its rise. It is not for you to say—you Englishmen, who have conquered your freedom so long ago, that you have conveniently forgotten what blood you shed, and what extremities you proceeded to in the conquering—it is not for *you* to say how far the worst of all exasperations may, or may not, carry the maddened men of an enslaved nation. The iron that has entered into our souls has gone too deep for *you* to find it. Leave the refugee alone! Laugh at him, distrust him, open your eyes in wonder at that secret self which smoulders in him, sometimes under the every-day respectability and tranquillity of a man like me; sometimes under the grinding poverty, the fierce squalor, of men less lucky, less pliable, less patient than I am—but judge us not! In the time of your first Charles you might have done us justice; the long luxury of your own freedom has made you incapable of doing us justice now."

All the deepest feelings of his nature seemed to force themselves to the surface in those words—all his heart was poured out to me, for the first time in our lives; but still, his voice never rose—still, his dread of the terrible revelation he was making to me never left him.

"So far," he resumed, "you think the Society like other Societies. Its object (in your English opinion) is anarchy and revolution. It takes the life of a bad King or a bad Minister, as if the one and the other were dangerous wild beasts, to be shot at the first opportunity. I grant you this. But the laws of the Brotherhood are the laws of no other political society on the face of the earth. The members are not known to one another. There is a President in Italy; there are Presidents abroad. Each of these has his Secretary. The Presidents and the Secretaries know the members; but the members, among themselves, are all strangers, until their chiefs see fit, in the political necessity of the time, or in the private necessity of the Society, to make them known to each other. With such a safeguard as this, there is no oath among us on admittance. We are identified with the Brotherhood by a secret mark, which we all bear, which lasts while our lives last. We are told to go about our ordinary business, and to report ourselves to the President or the Secretary four times a year, in the event of our services being required. We are warned, if we betray the Brotherhood, or if we injure it by serving other interests, that we die by the principles of the Brotherhood—die by the hand of a stranger who may be sent from the other end of the world to strike the blow, or by the hand of our own bosom friend, who may have been a member unknown to us through all the years of our intimacy. Sometimes the death is delayed; sometimes it follows close on the treachery. It is our first business to know how to wait—our second business to know how to obey when the word is spoken. Some of us may wait our lives through, and may not be wanted. Some of us may be called to the work, or to the preparation for the work, the very day of our admission. I myself—the little, easy, cheerful man you know, who, of his own accord, would hardly lift up his handkerchief to strike down the fly that buzzes about his face—I, in my younger time, under provocation so dreadful that I will not tell you of it, entered the Brotherhood by an impulse, as I might have killed myself by an impulse. I must remain in it now—it has got me, whatever I may think of it in my better circumstances and my cooler manhood, to my dying day. While I was still in Italy, I was chosen Secretary; and all the members of that time, who were brought face to face with my President, were brought face to face also with *me*."

I began to understand him; I saw the end toward which his extraordinary disclosure was now tending. He waited a moment, watching me earnestly—watching till he had evidently guessed what was passing in my mind, before he resumed.

"You have drawn your own conclusion already," he said. "I see it in your face. Tell me nothing; keep me out of the secret of your thoughts. Let me make my one last sacrifice of myself, for your sake—and then have done with this subject, never to return to it again."

He signed to me not to answer him—rose, removed his coat, and rolled up the shirt-sleeve on his left arm.

"I promised you that this confidence should be complete," he whispered, speaking close at my ear, with his eyes looking watchfully at the door. "Whatever comes of it, you shall not reproach me with having hidden any thing from you which it was necessary to your interests to know. I have said that the Brotherhood identifies its members by a mark that lasts for life. See the place, and the mark on it, for yourself."

He raised his bare arm, and showed me, high on the upper part of it, and on the inner side, a brand deeply burned in the flesh, and stained of a bright blood-red color. I abstain from describing the device which the brand represented. It will be sufficient to say that it was circular in form, and so small that it would have been completely covered by a shilling coin.

"A man who has this mark, branded in this place," he said, covering his arm again, "is a member of the Brotherhood. A man who has been false to the Brotherhood is discovered, sooner or later, by the chiefs who know him—Presidents or Secretaries, as the case may be. And a man discovered by the chiefs is dead. *No human laws can protect him.* Remember what you have seen and heard; draw what conclusions you like; act as you please. But, in the name of God, whatever you discover, whatever you do, tell me nothing! Let me remain free from a responsibility which it horrifies me to think of—which I know, in my conscience, is not *my* responsibility now. For the last time, I say it—on my honor as a gentleman, on my oath as a Christian, if the man you pointed out at the Opera knows *me*, he is so altered, or so disguised, that I do not know *him*. I am ignorant of his proceedings or his purposes in England—I never saw him, I never heard his name, to my knowledge, before to-night. I say no more. Leave me a little, Walter: I am overpowered by what has happened; I am shaken by what I have said. Let me try to be like myself again, when we meet next."

He dropped into a chair, and, turning away from me, hid his face in his hands. I gently opened the door, so as not to disturb him, and spoke my few parting words in low tones, which he might hear or not, as he pleased.

"I will keep the memory of to-night in my heart of hearts," I said. "You shall never repent the trust you have reposed in me. May I come to you to-morrow? May I come as early as nine o'clock?"

"Yes, Walter," he replied, looking up at me kindly, and speaking in English once more, as if his one anxiety now was to get back to our former relations toward each other. "Come to my little bit of breakfast, before I go my ways among the pupils that I teach."

"Good-night, Pesca."

"Good-night, my friend."

IV.

My first conviction, as soon as I found myself outside the house, was that no alternative was left me but to act at once on the information I had received—to make sure of the Count that night, or to risk the loss, if I only delayed till the morning, of Laura's last chance. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock.

Not the shadow of a doubt crossed my mind of the purpose for which the Count had left the theatre. His escape from us that evening was, beyond all question, the preliminary only to his escape from London. The mark of the Brotherhood was on his arm—I felt as certain of it as if he had shown me the brand; and the betrayal of the Brotherhood was on his conscience—I had seen it in his recognition of Pesca.

It was easy to understand why that recognition had not been mutual. A man of the Count's character would never risk the terrible consequences of turning spy without looking to his personal security quite as carefully as he looked to his golden reward. The shaven face, which I had pointed out at the Opera, might have been covered by a beard in Pesca's time; his dark-brown hair might be a wig. The accident of time might have helped him as well; his immense corpulence might have come with his later years. There was every reason why Pesca should not have known him again—every reason, also, why he should have known Pesca, whose singular personal appearance made a marked man of him, go where he might.

I have said that I felt certain of the purpose in the Count's mind when he escaped us at the theatre. How could I doubt it, when I saw, with my own eyes, that he believed himself, in spite of the change in his appearance, to have been recognized by Pesca, and to be, therefore, in danger of his life? If I could get speech of him that night—if I could show him that I, too, knew of the mortal peril in which he stood—what result would follow? Plainly this. One of us must be master of the situation—one of us must inevitably be at the mercy of the other.

I owed it to myself to consider the chances against me, before I confronted them. I owed it to my wife to do all that lay in my power to lessen the risk.

The chances against me wanted no reckoning up: they were all merged in one. If the Count discovered, by my own avowal, that the direct way to his safety lay through my life, he was probably the last man in existence who would shrink from throwing me off my guard and taking that way, when he had me alone within his reach. The only means of defense against him on which I could at all rely to lessen the risk, presented themselves, after a little careful thinking, clearly enough. Before I made any personal acknowledgment of my discovery in his presence, I must place the discovery itself where it would be ready for instant use against him, and safe from any attempt at suppression on his part. If I laid the mine under his feet before I approached him, and if I left instructions with a third person to fire it on the expiration of a certain time, unless directions to the contrary were previously received under my own hand or from my own lips—in that event, the Count's security was absolutely dependent upon mine, and I might hold the vantage-ground over him securely, even in his own house.

This idea occurred to me when I was close to the new lodgings which we had taken on returning from the sea-side. I went in, without disturbing any one, by the help of my key. A light was in the hall; and I stole up with it to my work-room, to make my preparations, and absolutely to commit myself to an interview with the Count, before either Laura or Marian could have the slightest suspicion of what I intended to do.

A letter addressed to Pesca represented the surest measure of precaution which it was now possible for me to take. I wrote as follows:

"The man whom I pointed out to you at the Opera is a member of the Brotherhood, and has been false to his trust. Put both these assertions to the test instantly. You know the name he goes by in England. His address is No. 5 Forest Road, St. John's Wood. On the love you once bore me, use the power intrusted to you, without mercy and without delay, against that man. I have risked all and lost all; and the forfeit of my failure has been paid with my life."

I signed and dated these lines, inclosed them in an envelope, and sealed it up. On the outside I wrote this direction: "Keep the inclosure unopened until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you do not hear from me, or see me, before that time, break the seal when the clock strikes, and read the contents." I added my initials; and protected the whole by inclosing it in a second sealed envelope, addressed to Pesca at his lodgings.

Nothing remained to be done after this but to find the means of sending my letter to its destination immediately. I should then have accomplished all that lay in my power. If any thing happened to me in the Count's house, I had now provided for his answering it with his life. That the means of preventing his escape under any circumstances whatever were at Pes-

* It is only right to mention here that I repeat Pesca's statement to me, with the careful suppressions and alterations which the serious nature of the subject and my own sense of duty to my friend demand. My first and last concealments from the reader are those which caution renders absolutely necessary in this portion of the narrative.

ca's disposal, if he chose to exert them, I did not for an instant doubt. The extraordinary anxiety which he had expressed to remain unenlightened as to the Count's identity—or, in other words, to be left uncertain enough about facts to justify him to his own conscience in remaining passive—betrayed plainly that the means of exercising the terrible justice of the Brotherhood were ready to his hand, although, as a naturally humane man, he had shrunk from plainly saying as much in my presence. The deadly certainty with which the vengeance of foreign political societies can hunt down a traitor to the cause, hide himself where he may, had been too often exemplified, even in my superficial experience, to allow of any doubt. Considering the subject only as a reader of newspapers, cases recurred to my memory, both in London and in Paris, of foreigners found stabbed in the streets, whose assassins could never be traced—of bodies and parts of bodies thrown into the Thames and the Seine, by hands that could never be discovered—of deaths by secret violence which could only be accounted for in one way. I have disguised nothing relating to myself in these pages, and I do not disguise here, that I believed I had written Count Fosco's death-warrant, if the fatal emergency happened which authorized Pesca to open my inclosure.

I left my room to go down to the ground-floor of the house, and speak to the landlord about finding me a messenger. He happened to be ascending the stairs at the time, and we met on the landing. His son, a quick lad, was the messenger he proposed to me, on hearing what I wanted. We had the boy up stairs, and I gave him his directions. He was to take the letter in a cab, to put it into Professor Pesca's own hands, and to bring me back a line of acknowledgment from that gentleman—returning in the cab, and keeping it at the door for my use. It was then nearly half past ten. I calculated that the boy might be back in twenty minutes, and that I might drive to St. John's Wood, on his return, in twenty minutes more.

When the lad had departed on his errand, I returned to my own room for a little while, to put certain papers in order, so that they might be easily found in case of the worst. The key of the old-fashioned bureau in which the papers were kept I sealed up, and left it on my table, with Marian's name written on the outside of the little packet. This done, I went down stairs to the sitting-room, in which I expected to find Laura and Marian awaiting my return from the Opera. I felt my hand trembling for the first time when I laid it on the lock of the door.

No one was in the room but Marian. She was reading; and she looked at her watch in surprise when I came in.

"How early you are back!" she said. "You must have come away before the Opera was over."

"Yes," I replied; "neither Pesca nor I waited for the end. Where is Laura?"

"She had one of her bad headaches this evening, and I advised her to go to bed when we had done tea."

I left the room again, on the pretext of wishing to see whether Laura was asleep. Marian's quick eyes were beginning to look inquiringly at my face—Marian's quick instinct was beginning to discover that I had something weighing on my mind.

When I entered the bedchamber, and softly approached the bedside by the dim flicker of the night-lamp, my wife was asleep.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT STATE ELECTIONS.

State elections were held in North Carolina on 2d inst., and in Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas on 6th. At the time we write the returns are incomplete. From Arkansas and Texas we have no returns worth mentioning. It is probable, however, that in the former State, where the contest lay between Douglas and Breckinridge Democrats, the latter have been successful. In North Carolina the Democratic candidate for Governor, Ellis, has probably been elected, but the Opposition candidate, Poole, has polled a much larger vote than was expected. At last election, in 1858, Ellis (Democrat) had a majority of 16,257 over M'Rae (Opposition); now it is not supposed that Ellis has a majority of 6000. Complete returns from thirty counties show a Democratic loss of 6171. In Kentucky a Clerk of the Court of Appeals was elected. The successful candidate was General Leslie Coombs, the candidate of the Bell party, who beat the Breckinridge candidate by several (perhaps twenty) thousand. The result is ascribed by the Breckinridge leaders to the personal popularity of General Coombs; others affirm that it indicates an indisposition on the part of Kentucky to commit herself to the views of the extreme Southern leaders. From Missouri our intelligence is confused. Four candidates for Governor were in the field, and several candidates for Congress and State officers. It seems probable, at the present time, that Orr (Union) has been elected Governor over his Democratic opponents, and that Blair (Republican) has been elected to Congress, for the long term, from the 1st Congressional district.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

The Breckinridge democracy of New York State met at Syracuse on 8th, and on 9th nominated the following ticket for State officers: *For Governor*—James T. Brady, of New York; *for Lieutenant-Governor*—H. K. Viele, of Buffalo; *for Canal Commissioner*—John M. Jaycox, of Onondaga; *for State Prison Inspector*—Robert W. Allen, of Kings. The scheme of fusion with the Douglas Democrats was discountenanced, and the Richmond platform affirmed.

The Pennsylvania Democrats met at Cresson on 9th, and Presidential electors were appointed, with instructions to cast the vote of the State for the candidate having the highest number of votes. The Douglas men appeared to be in a majority in the Convention.

The New Jersey Republicans met at Trenton on 8th, appointed Presidential electors, affirmed the Chicago platform, and passed various resolutions of no public importance.

THE FILIBUSTER WALKER AGAIN.

The New Orleans *Delta* confirms the statement that General Walker left the island of Ruatan on June 21, but denies that the coast of Central America was his immediate destination. When he found that Ruatan was in possession of the British authorities, he very prudently determined to avoid becoming involved in any disturbance with the Government of Honduras or of England, and so set sail for another island in the vicinity, whence, the *Delta* intimates, it was his intention to go up the San Juan River. By this time, in all probability, he is in Nicaragua.

MORE METEORS.

Three distinct meteors have been seen above our horizon almost within as many weeks—the great meteor of the age, whose course was tracked over a distance of more than a thousand miles; the second, which was seen subsequently in many of the Southern States; and the small aerolite, which was observed at two or three points in this vicinity, making a small arc, on Monday night.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

The newspapers devoted a considerable portion of their space last week to the publication of reports of the proceedings of the American Scientific Association, which body has been holding its fourteenth annual meeting at Newport during the past fortnight. The papers presented for the consideration of this body of savans embrace a variety of interesting subjects, including mathematics, geology, physic, natural history, and the recent meteoric phenomena. The proceedings of the Association were concluded on Wednesday, 8th inst. The next annual meeting will be held at Nashville, Tennessee, in April next.

MRS. DOUGLAS AT NEWPORT.

The Boston *Journal's* correspondent, Burleigh, writes as follows of Mrs. Douglas at Newport: "Mrs. Douglas was dressed in the Di Vernon style—a jaunty school straw-hat, shaped like an inverted milk-pan, with a small vail hanging on the edge, gave her a youthful and school-girl appearance—with a dark merino habit, half fitting and half loose, a cross between a riding habit and a loose morning gown—and her whole appearance was that of a young Miss who had thrown her books aside for August, and had taken a run with her mother to spend a month at Newport, rather than the heir-expectant of the lady of the White House. All the way from Providence to Newport she entertained her friends with the incidents of her journey since she left Washington, some of which were comical enough. How at Concord men and women were found peaking through the blind when she supposed herself all alone. How some ardent young men insisted on seeing Mr. Douglas's wife, and got hold of a fat old motherly lady by mistake, and made her such complimentary addresses. How she was told that if Mr. Douglas carried Rhode Island she must love clams, and how hard she tried to say they were good, and found them so detestable—and other matters. How she would run up to the upper story, and hear the addresses, and look on the crowd that her husband was addressing, and listen at the same time to speeches made about herself, and not intended for her own ears—all related with infinite relish and good-humor, and with almost childish glee."

A SUPPOSED MURDER.

Much excitement was caused last week by rumors of a supposed murder at Long Branch, New Jersey. Early on the morning of 7th two fishermen found, near the Monmouth House, a billet of wood upon which were blood, hair, and brains, while close by was a pool of blood, whence a trail led to a skiff on the beach, the bottom of which was also covered with blood, giving rise to the supposition that the body of the victim had been taken out and sunk in the ocean. Other indications that a murder had been committed were apparent, and several persons state that they heard the noise of a scuffle and pistol-shots fired at about 12½ o'clock.

A thorough examination was made by the authorities, and the affair turned out to be simply a hoax, concocted by the servants of one of the hotels, who procured some blood and a quantity of hair from a barber's shop, and, mixing them together, smeared the mixture over a club and a boat's sail, and thus caused a belief that an atrocious murder had been committed.

ABDUCTION OF A BOY.

The other day notice was made of the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts restoring Charles T. Rice, the minor child of Henry T. Rice, of Baltimore, and Elizabeth N. Thorndike, of Boston, to his father. On Saturday Henry was kidnapped from a private school in Nahant, kept by Mr. Fetti. Two open carriages drove up to the church (the school is held there), and three men alighted and entered. One of them seized the teacher by the throat, and another menaced him with a "billy." The third ruffian stole the boy, and thrusting him into one of the carriages, drove off toward Lynn. The accomplices then released the teacher and followed. The father took speedy measures for the lad's recovery. Five hundred dollars were offered for him. A man was sent after the kidnappers, but failed in the chase. Dispatches have been sent in every direction to apprehend them. It is supposed young Rice will be taken directly out of the country, probably by way of Canada.

THE PRESIDENT ON BOARD THE "GREAT EASTERN."

President Buchanan, accompanied by Miss Lane, Secretary Toucey, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, visited the *Great Eastern* in Annapolis Roads on Wednesday. The ship left the Chesapeake, on her return to New York, on Friday evening.

PERSONAL.

Monsieur De Lave appears before the public again. He is about throwing a hempen bridge across the Niagara, near the Falls, and intends performing thereon before and in honor of the Prince of Wales.

The Marquis of Chandos, with his family, were among the passengers by the *Thomas Powell* on Tuesday last. The distinguished party went up the river as far as West Point, where they are spending a few days.

Friends of General Cass say that the state of his health is such that it is extremely doubtful whether he again resumes the toils and cares of his official position. The venerable statesman is sojourning at Detroit.

Governor Hunt was fined $25 recently by Judge Davis for non-attendance as juryman. The Governor had the good sense to pay the fine, and will doubtless do better next time.

We regret to learn that Dr. Carnochan is suffering very severely from suppurative inflammation of the right hand and arm, contracted from the absorption of the dropsical effusion of a late patient. Fears have been expressed that he might lose the use of his hand, which to this distinguished operating surgeon is one of no ordinary importance, both to himself and the community.

It will be gratifying to the friends of Rev. William S. Morrison, and lady, to learn that letters have been received announcing their safe arrival at Anjer, on May 17, on their way to the Mission field in China. It will be recollected that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison sailed hence in February last, in the ship *N. B. Palmer*. The agreeable society and courteous attention of Captain Low and his amiable lady, had rendered the voyage thus far an exceedingly pleasant one to the Missionaries.

Aysleh-Beg-Tararulsky, of Beyrout, has presented to Senator Seward three fine Arabian horses (one stallion and two mares), whose arrival at Boston is looked for daily.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SICILY IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 26th, Sicilian affairs were debated. Mr. Griffith asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether any proposition had been made to her Majesty's Government by the special envoy of the Neapolitan Government, lately arrived in London. Lord John Russell said that, before answering the question, he would repeat his answer to a question on the same subject on a previous occasion. The aid-de-camp sent to Garibaldi by the King of Sardinia bore a message proposing a truce with the Neapolitan forces, and begging Garibaldi not to make any attack on the main land. This message was in perfect accordance with the views of her Majesty's Government. In reply to the immediate question, Lord John Russell said the Neapolitan Government had requested the mediation of Great Britain for the purpose of stopping the progress of Garibaldi, on condition that if Garibaldi refused the forces of France and England should be used to compel him. To that proposition her Majesty's Government had declined to accede.

THE OLD ATLANTIC CABLE AGAIN.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company announce that the efforts made at Newfoundland to restore the Atlantic Cable have failed. Mr. Varley, the electrician, in his report says, by hard hauling pieces of the cable were recovered in small lengths, amounting in all to seven miles; but the cable invariably broke at short distances, and it was necessary at last to abandon the attempt. The report says the iron wires often appeared sound, but on minute inspection they were found eaten away and rotten. The gutta percha and copper-wire were as good as when laid down. Portions which were wrapped with tarred yarn were sound, the tar and hemp having preserved the iron wires bright and free from rust.

A PENNY TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A prospectus has been issued for a new Telegraph Company, which proposes to establish a system on the penny postage principle, and convey messages of twenty words to any part of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the uniform rate of one shilling. An influential direction has been formed with a capital of £150,000. It is proposed to work the lines on Allan's patent.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The sporting world of England have been recently occupied with the Goodwood races. The "Goodwood Stakes," which was the principal race on the 25th ult., was won by Wallace, Mr. Ten Broeck's American horse Satellite coming in second. For some time Satellite took the lead, but at the half distance Wallace passed him, and cantered in the winner by six lengths. It is somewhat strange, the London *Star* remarks, that Mr. Ten Broeck should run second in each of the two great races decided at Goodwood up to the present time. As he always backs his horses heavily and seldom hedges, the money he must have lost is something fabulous.

FRANCE.

A PACIFIC LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor Napoleon has addressed to M. De Persigny, the French Minister at London, a letter detailing his policy toward England. The letter was called out by Lord Palmerston's speech, and was intended to allay the excitement on the war question.

The Emperor says that his innermost thought is that Italy should obtain peace without foreign intervention, and that his troops should quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. Above all, he desires to keep peace with England. The letter attracted great attention.

KOSSUTH IN PARIS.

The *Times* says: "Kossuth, with the few remaining members of his family, were in Paris at last accounts. It is said that the illustrious Magyar felt keenly the death of his sister, and that when he read the account of the attention and respect manifested by the gentlemen of Brooklyn at her funeral, he wept and exclaimed—'Oh that their people were my people, and their God my God!' From some mysterious source Kossuth receives quarterly $1000, the accompanying note indicating simply that it is from a friend in America, and that it is intended for his personal expenditures."

ITALY.

THE BATTLE OF MELAZZO.

The battle between the Sicilians and Neapolitans before Melazzo took place on the 16th and 17th ultimo. Both sides are reported to have suffered severely, but the royal forces were compelled to withdraw to the citadel, Garibaldi having attacked them fiercely with the bayonet. It is said that Garibaldi was wounded in the heel during the combat. The report of the evacuation of Sicily by the Neapolitans was premature. The citadel of Messina was still in possession of the king's troops.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

The following telegrams have been published.

Florence, *July* 29.—The *Nazione* of to-day says: "Garibaldi has taken Melazzo, and entered Messina. The royal troops still occupy the citadel. Baron Ricasoli has left for Turin."

Paris, *July* 29.—The Marquis de la Greca was intrusted with the mission of proposing to France and England that they should direct a French and English fleet to cruise off Calabria and Naples in order to prevent any landing of Garibaldians.

Genoa, *July* 29.—News received here fully confirms the entry of Garibaldi into Messina.

Naples, *July* 30.—A military convention has been concluded between Garibaldi and General Clary. The Neapolitans are to remain in possession of the forts of Syracuse, Agosta, and Messina, and to have liberty of access to all parts of those towns. The citadel of Messina will not fire on the town. The Garibaldian colors take equal rank with the Neapolitan flag. The navigation of the Strait of Messina to be free.

ATTEMPT TO POISON GARIBALDI.

Letters from Palermo say that certain persons tried to poison General Garibaldi with a beautifully arranged cake. This was discovered to the General by an old woman. Twelve persons, among them four priests, were arrested, and several of them were immediately shot. A dog, to whom a piece of the cake was thrown, died immediately.

PROBABLE ABDICATION OF BOMBA.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the *Times*: "It is certain that propositions for a suspension of hostilities have been made to Garibaldi by the Neapolitan Government, perhaps directly, but certainly also indirectly. The Envoy of the King of Naples at Turin made overtures of the same kind to M. Cavour, and M. Cavour has communicated them to Garibaldi, who will, in turn, pay little attention to them, but go on his way. The armistice proposed by Naples was to last till some decision was come to in the matter of the alliance with Piedmont. The conditions agreed to by the latter were, as has been already said, the Constitution of 1812 for Sicily, administration of public affairs left to the Sicilians themselves, and, in fact, every liberty and franchise conceded short of absolute separation from the Crown of Naples. Garibaldi, however, is not a man to retrace his steps, even for all this; and it is generally believed that the King of Naples will, before many weeks pass by, have increased the list of exiled Italian princes."

RUMORS AND GOSSIP.

A Turin dispatch of the 26th says the mission of the Marquis De la Greca to Paris is to bring about a compromise by which the King of Naples would accept the result of a universal suffrage in Sicily, should the Western Powers guarantee the integrity of his dominions on the main land, and prevent Garibaldi from landing there.

Colonel Tuero, R.A., in a letter to the *Times*, defends Garibaldi against certain insinuations of Signor Farini, late agent of the Sardinian Cabinet at Paris.

According to the *Times* correspondent, it is surmised that the Dictator has already landed on the main land, and no one would be surprised to learn that he had reached Naples without striking a blow, and that even the Royalist army had fraternized with his volunteers.

MORE OF THE IRISH IN THE POPE'S ARMY.

A Paris letter in the *Indépendance Belge* affirms that General Lamoricière continues to have such trouble with his Irish Brigade that he has lately been obliged to send away 100 more of them, and that he had even shot several. A former batch of discharged Irishmen, 120 in number, arrived lately at Marseilles in a state of great misery. The Consul there had no choice in pursuance of his orders but to treat them as strangers, they having forfeited their nationality by taking foreign service with their eyes open in spite of all warnings. There was a talk at Marseilles of sending some of them over to Algeria as laborers.

GERMANY.

THE MAD KING OF PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia is said to be now under the influence of fearful visions and hallucinations. Sometimes at night he will start up from his couch, and, addressing the imaginary spirits around him, will fill the air with his cries; and then again, at another time, he will sit for whole days and nights in a state of complete torpor, taking no refreshment and uttering no sound. The gardens of Sans-Souci, where, until within lately, he used to be wheeled about in a chair on rollers, now see him no more, and he is, to all appearance, dead already to the outer world. Visitors, walking on the rose-crowned terraces of the new palace, sometimes see a thin shadow, pale and trembling, flitting in front of the windows above, and are overcome with involuntary awe on being told, "Das ist der kranke König!" And all this at the favorite residence of the most genial of Prussian kings, the place built expressly to banish cares.

RUSSIA.

IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS TO FOREIGNERS.

We learn from a German print that an imperial ukase, exceedingly important to foreign residents in Russia, has been recently issued by the Czar. This decree removes many of the restrictions heretofore imposed upon foreign merchants, and places them upon an equal footing with native merchants. Foreigners are also now permitted to acquire movable or immovable property by purchase, will, or donation. This law—another step in that path of liberal reform which Russia some time ago commenced to follow—will doubtless have a wholesome influence upon her trade, and will be recognized with satisfaction by the whole commercial world.

SYRIA.

PEACE BETWEEN THE DRUSES AND MARONITES.

The following telegram from Paris announces an official declaration of peace:

"Paris, *Tuesday, July* 24.

"The Porte has instructed its Embassadors at Paris and London to officially communicate to the Courts of the Tuileries and St. James the conclusion of peace between the Druses and Maronites on the 10th inst. In this official communication the Porte, although expressing its satisfaction at this happy event, adds, that it will, nevertheless, pursue with the utmost rigor the authors of the recent massacres, and that Fuad Pacha had to that end been invested with the most ample powers, not only to punish the guilty parties, but also to take such measures as would prevent the recurrence of fresh conflicts between the Druses and the Maronites."

CONVENTION OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The London *Advertiser* has received the following telegram:

"Paris, *Thursday Night.*

"A Convention was this day signed by the Embassadors of the Great Powers, including Spain. It determines the conditions and proportions of each Power to the intervention. The Porte has given its acquiescence. Orders have been transmitted by telegram to Toulon to embark the expeditionary force at once."

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is not certain that the representatives of the Powers who meet on the Syrian intervention will finish their task to-morrow (31st ult.). There seems to be a wish on the part of some to leave as much time as possible to the Porte for the suppression of the atrocities in Syria, and the chastisement of the perpetrators, without calling for foreign intervention. In the mean time, France is hurrying on her preparations for the expedition. A subscription list has been opened at Paris and the Departments for the benefit of the Christians of Syria who have survived the massacres. It is expected that about 100,000 francs may be forwarded to Syria during the present week."

The *Constitutionnel* of 30th expresses hopes that the Convention in reference to Syria will be signed that day.

MURDER OF A MISSIONARY.

A letter from Damascus, to the 12th of July, says: "The Rev. Mr. Graham, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, has been murdered in the open streets, while endeavoring to make his escape from a Moslem house, where he had been hid by the British Consulate. He had a guard of Turkish soldiers with him, but they did nothing toward defending him from the Moslem mob."

RUMORS, ETC.

The Druses and Bedouins, returning to Ronsan, passed through Damascus, and proposed a general massacre of the Christians to Abd-el-Kader, who refused to countenance it. The inhabitants, however, became accomplices in the murder of Christians which took place. It is confirmed that some Turkish soldiers assisted the assassins.

Notwithstanding the rumored protest of the Porte, preparations for the expedition were progressing in France on a grand scale.

Two Sardinian war vessels had been sent to the coast of Syria.

It is reported that the Viceroy of Egypt had placed his troops at the disposal of the Sultan to punish the Druses.

Russian letters say that great excitement prevailed against the Turks on account of the massacre.

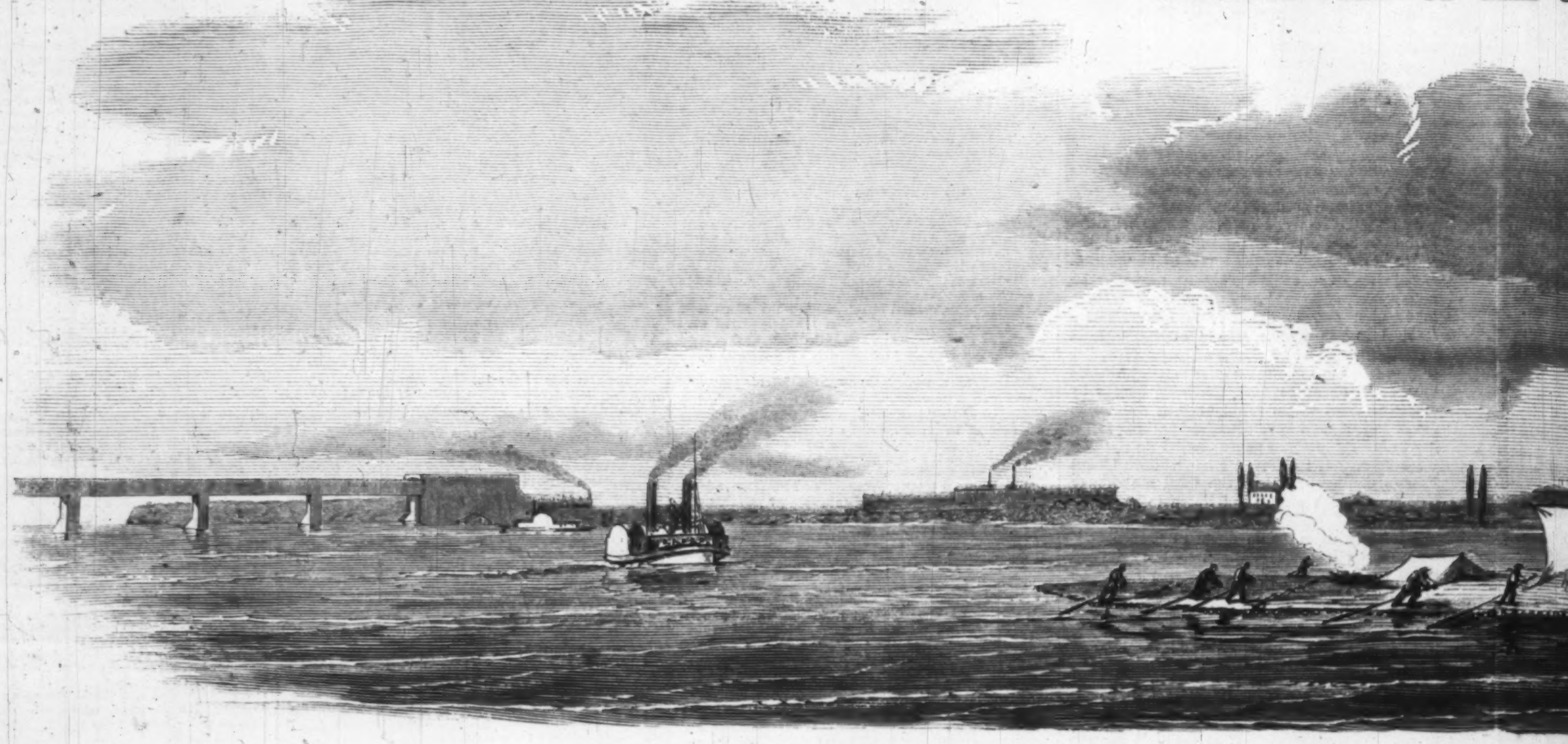
THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, 4th, at 6 P.M., the Prince arrived at Fredericton, New Brunswick, and was well received. Sunday was devoted to rest and religious observance. On Monday, 6th, the Prince received addresses from the Legislature of New Brunswick, the clergy, the city of Fredericton, etc., inaugurated a new park, and attended a ball at the Government House, where he danced till 2 o'clock. On Tuesday, 7th, he returned to St. John from Fredericton, and embarked on board the gun-boat *Styx* for Hantsport. The people of St. John, on his return there, took the horses from his carriage, and drew him through the streets to the place of embarkation. On the morning of 8th, he landed at Hantsport, and left almost immediately for Windsor, where he was received with the usual enthusiasm. His party then embarked on a special rail road train for Truro, at which place, seventy-eight miles distant, they arrived in about two hours and a quarter. An alarm of fire occurred on the way, from a spark having lodged in the floor of the forward car, and commenced burning. It was speedily extinguished, however. The reception at Truro was quite interesting. The party left for Pictou in post-chaises. The same evening the Prince embarked on board the *Hero*, lying off Pictou, for his voyage up the St. Lawrence River. At Pictou the same enthusiasm greeted him which has characterized the receptions every where. Even along the road from Truro to that place triumphal arches were erected, and the bridges were covered with evergreens. There were fire-works and illuminations at night, and bonfires on the top of the surrounding hills.

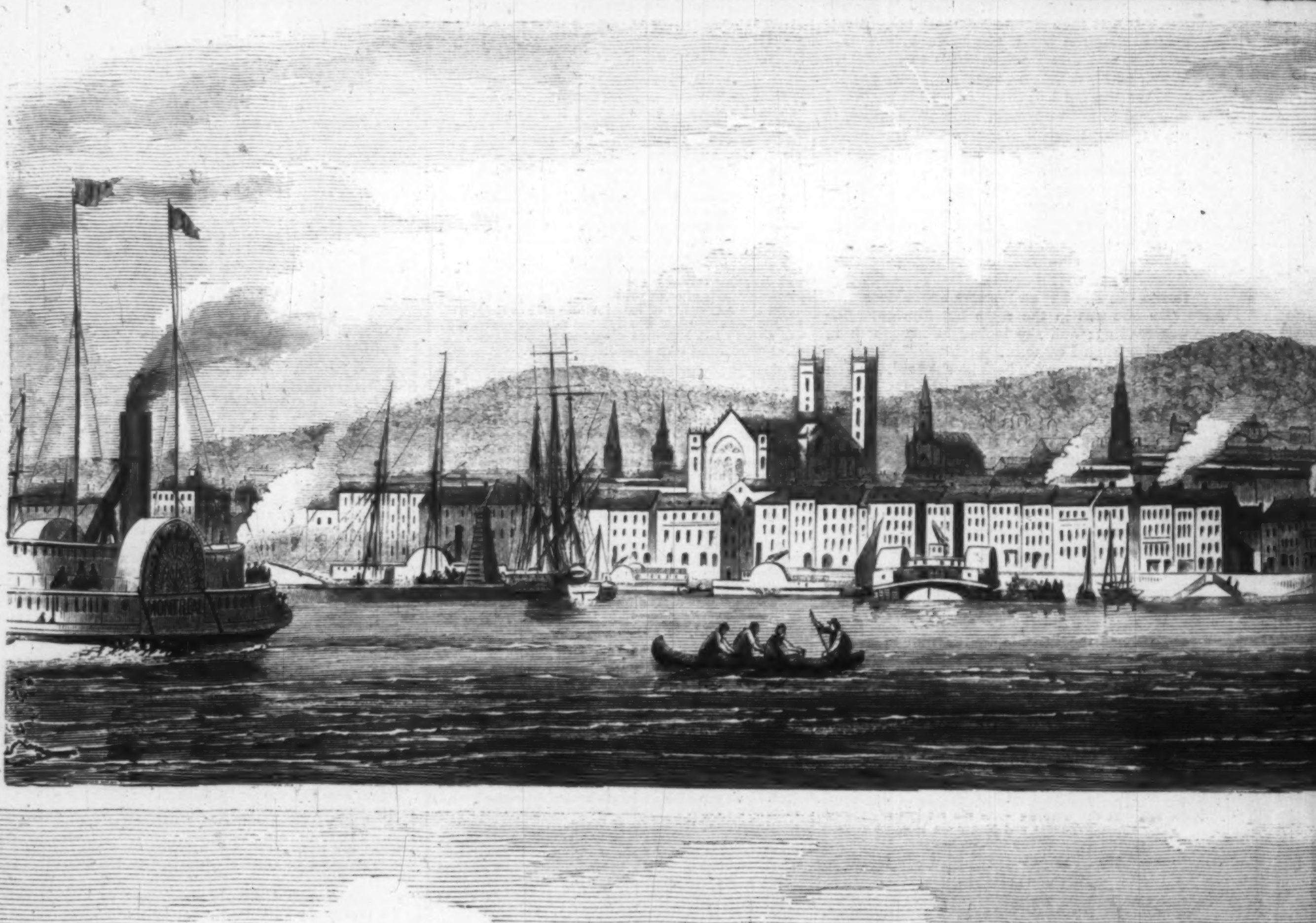
The Prince of Wales landed at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, at two o'clock on Thursday, from the *Hero*. The Admiral's ship *Nile*, and the *Ariadne*, *Cossack*, *Valorous*, and *Flying Fish* accompanied him, as also the French Commodore's ship *Pomene*. The day was stormy and wet. There was a multitude of visitors from abroad. The steamer *Arabian* brought six hundred persons from Quebec, and the *Westmoreland* four hundred from Brunswick. Some of the excursionists had to camp out. The preparations for the Prince's reception were good. The Prince, who wore a colonel's uniform, landed under eight royal salutes from the ships and battery, including a French ship. He was received on Queen's wharf by the officers of the government, members of the public bodies, members of the clergy and bar, and deputations of prominent citizens. He was conveyed in the Governor's carriage, and accompanied by a procession along the streets, which were lined by the Volunteers' battalion, and numerous tasteful arches were erected. The balconies of the houses were filled with ladies and children. A number of the latter sang the national anthem. A guard of honor of regular troops accompanied the Prince from Halifax. The Prince rode out in plain clothes the same afternoon in the rain.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE C



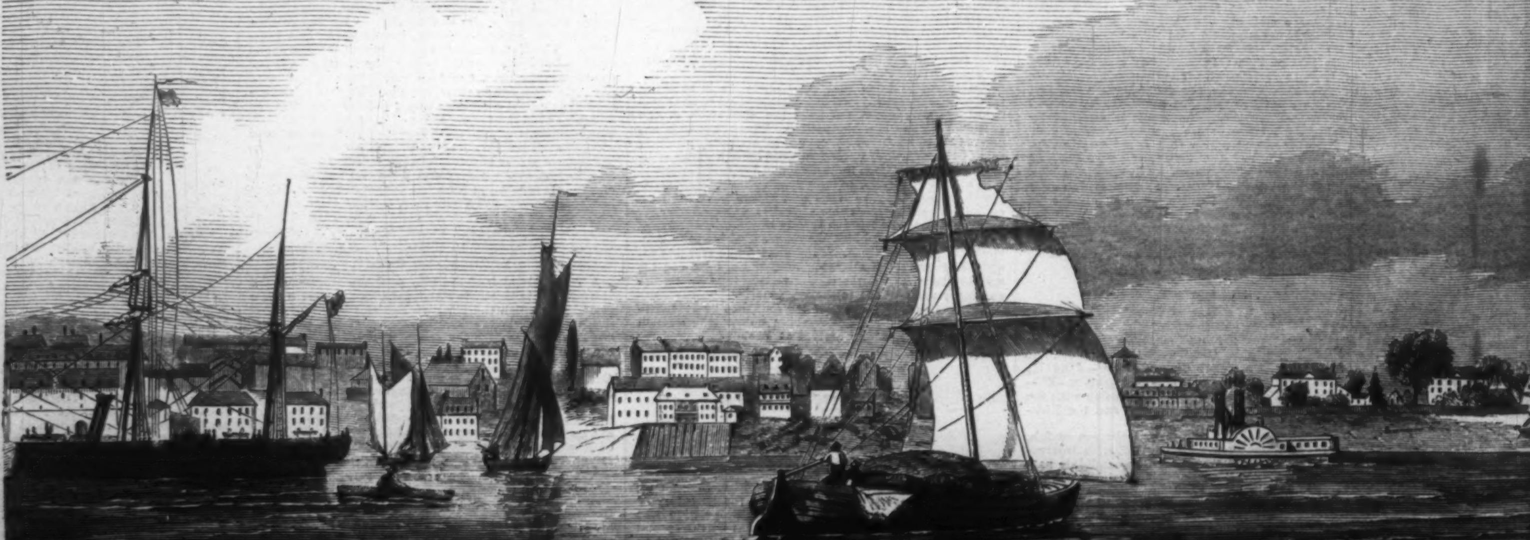
THE CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

We publish herewith a general view of the city of Montreal, Canada, where the Prince of Wales will be received in a few days. Montreal, though not the capital of the Province, is its greatest and richest city: the grand reception of the royal visitor will take place there.



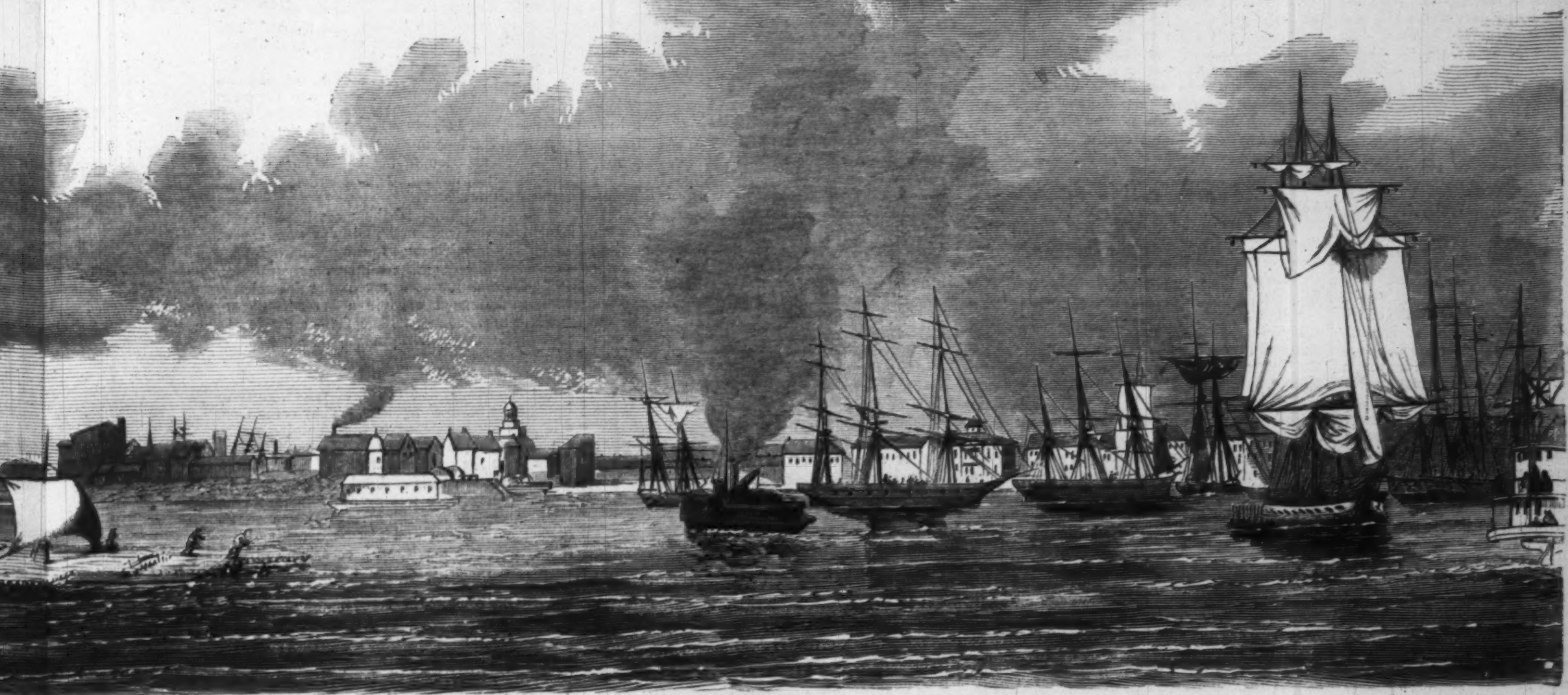
Montreal is over two hundred years old. When the French first ascended the St. Lawrence, they found a ruined Indian settlement called Hochelaga, on the island of Montreal; but they did not think much of the site, and devoted their chief attention to building up a town at Quebec. It was not till 1641 that Monsieur de Montmagny, the successor of Champlain, aided by the Jesuits, staked out an inclosure and erected a French fort on the site of the present city of Montreal.

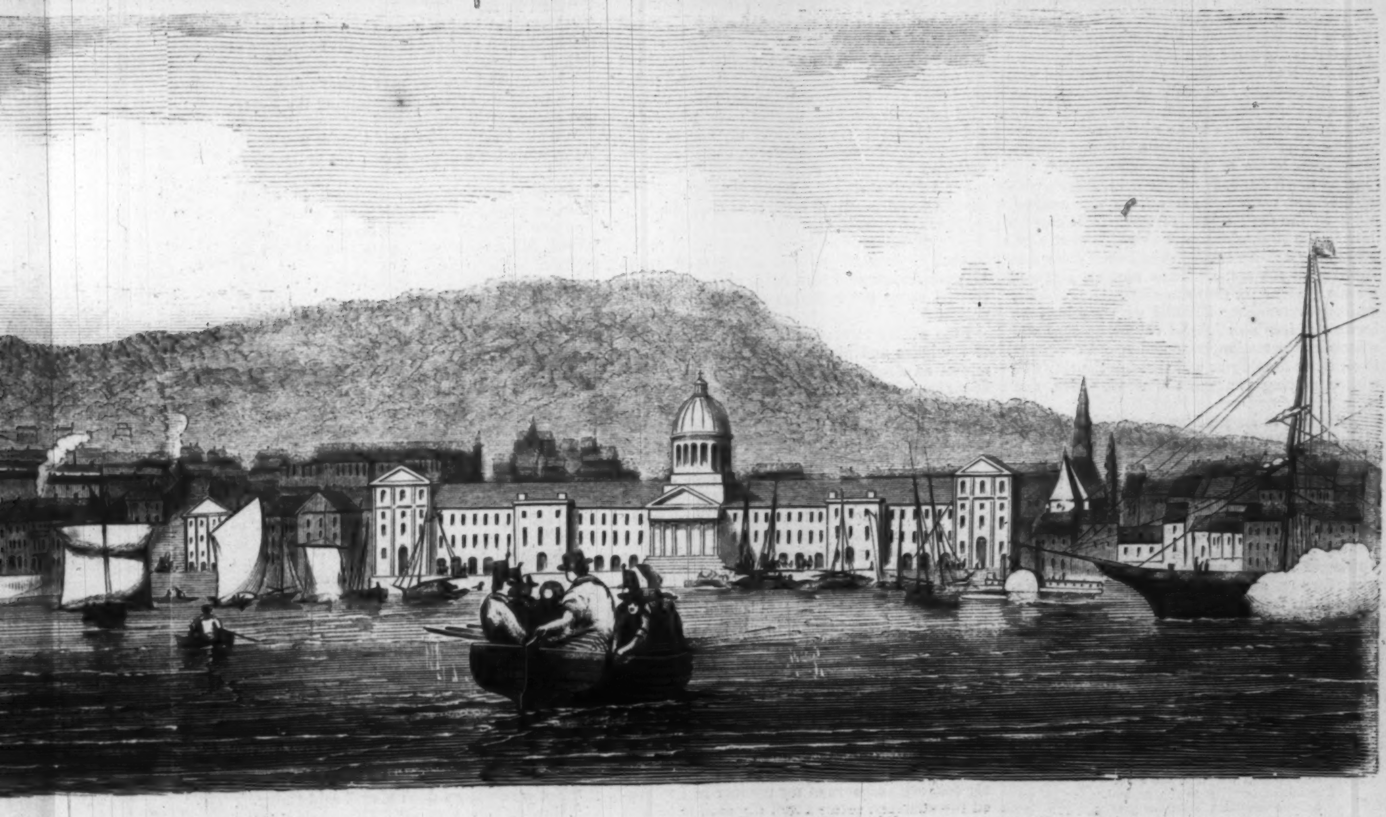
The idea of the first settlers of Montreal was religious, not commercial. A society of thirty-five pious Catholics, among whom certain Jesuits held the predominance, obtained a concession of the island from the King of France, and proposed to convert it into an asylum for the Indians and the poor. Every one was to be received there on a footing of equality, and enabled to earn his living by his labor; the only condition required of new-comers was that they should be Roman Catholics. After sixteen years' trial of the experiment, the Society abandoned it in despair—very few Indians or Europeans having accepted their terms and settled. The island was ceded to the Seminary of Montreal, then as now the most powerful corporation in that section of country. The Seminary held the island for thirty-five years; then, failing, as their predecessors had done, they re-ceded it to the King of France, retaining, however, in their possession the choicest sites and richest valleys.

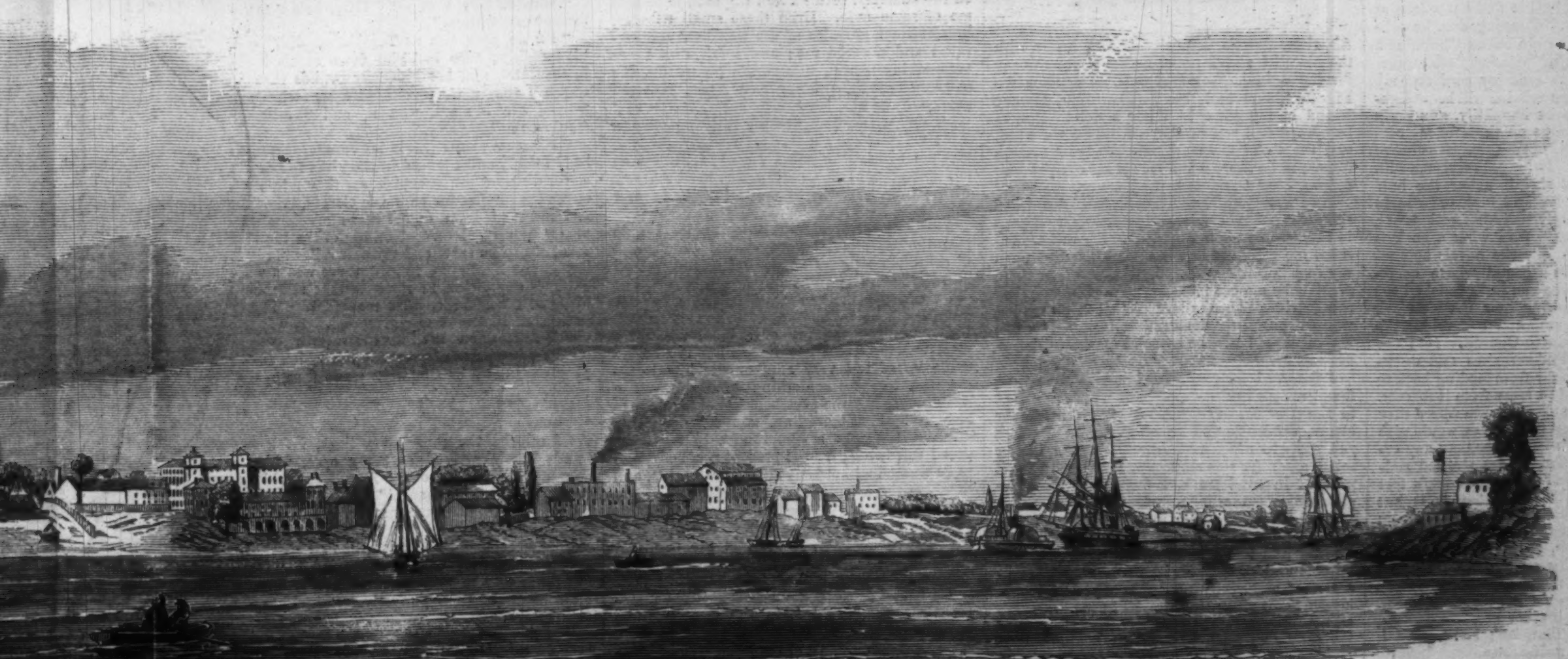


During the next half century Montreal was the scene of many Indian outrages and hard-fought fights. In those days the Five Nations were powerful, and could bring imposing armies into the field. It was as much as the French could do to keep a footing on the island, and to repel the savages who every few years swooped down upon it with sword and torch. In 1721, the Chevalier de Callières built "a poor palisade with bastions, and a little redoubt on a small eminence." In 1740 it was surrounded by a wall, which long ago disappeared.—Fifteen to twenty years later we hear of it as a straggling town, stretching for a mile along the river bank; mostly owned by religious bodies—the Seminary, the Fathers of St. Sulpice the Knights

CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.







Hospitallers, and various convents of nuns; carrying on a brisk trade in furs and other indigenous produce with the Indians in June and July; and boasting two good platform bat eries by way of defense. A wag who traveled at the time says that Montreal deserves to be remembered as the place where the worst rum in the world is sold. In every respect, except so far as the Indian trade was concerned, Montreal took rank below Quebec.

In the war which terminated in the conquest of Canada by the British, Montreal took a secondary part. Quebec, Niagara, and Ticonderoga had fallen into the hands of the English before Montreal was attacked; M. de Montcalm was dead; the Franco-Canadian army was demoralized; the invaders were flushed with victory, and strong in numbers; so that altogether, when the British General landed his army on the island, there was no decent pretext for resistance, and the city passed out of the hands of the French without a struggle in 1760.

Just fifteen years afterward — during which it may be presumed that Montreal had not greatly prospered, as we learn that its fortifications were in decay, and its population not over two or three thousand—Ethan Allen made a wild attempt to seize the place, was captured, and sent in irons to England. Montgomery was more successful. After reducing St. Johns, he entered Montreal in November, 1775, and took prisoners General Prescott and the garrison. That winter Montreal was held by the American forces, and, after the unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, was governed by the famous Arnold. Want of support compelled this General to evacuate the place in June, 1776; since which time it has always remained in the possession of the British.

During the last war an imposing expedition against Montreal was fitted out on the upper lakes, and actually began to sail down the river. But it was unfortunate in every respect; the officers quarreled with each other; the chief was unfit for the command; the army was ill-equipped; the season was late; so, after a skirmish by the way, the expedition returned, having effected nothing.

As a commercial city Montreal has won a high position. It is beyond all question the first city in British North America. The people seem to have an energy which reminds one of the United States. — Happily situate, at the head of ocean navigation, and at the mouth of the Ottawa and Upper St. Lawrence, it has naturally become a general dépôt for Canadian produce. The Grank Trunk Railway will doubtless increase its importance, and assist

in developing its fine surrounding country. It boasts nearly 75,000 inhabitants, the largest cathedral in North America, a splendid market-house and other public buildings, and, above all, that monument of engineering skill, the Victoria Bridge. Montreal will give the Prince a favorable idea of British North America.

A RIDE FOR A DAY.

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

II.

I HAD heard and read frequently of the exhilarating sensations of horse exercise. My fellow-students were full of stories of the hunting-field and the race-course. Wherever, indeed, a horse figured in a narrative there was an almost certainty of meeting some incident to stir the blood and warm up enthusiasm; and even the passing glimpses one caught of sporting prints in shop-windows were all suggestive of the pleasure imparted by a noble and chivalrous pastime.

I never closed my eyes all night, revolving such thoughts in my head. I had so worked up my enthusiasm that I felt like one who is about to cross the frontier of some new land where people, language, ways, and habits are all unknown to him. "By this hour to-morrow night," thought I, "I shall be in the land of strangers, who have never seen, nor so much as heard of me before. There, will invade no traditions of the scoffs and gibes I have so long endured; none will have received the disparaging estimate of my abilities, which my class-fellows love to propagate; I shall simply be the traveler who arrived at sundown mounted on a cream-colored palfrey—a stranger, sad-looking, but gentle withal, of courteous address, blandly demanding lodging for the night. "Look to my horse, hostler," shall I say, as I enter the honey-suckle-covered porch of the inn. "Blondel," I will call him—"Blondel is accustomed to kindly usage." With what quiet dignity, the repose of a conscious position, do I follow the landlord as he shows me to my room! It is humble, but neat and orderly. I am contented. I tell him so. I am sated and wearied of luxury; sick of a gilded and glittering existence. I am in search of repose and solitude. I order my tea, and if I ask the name of the village, I take care to show by my inattention that I have not heard the answer, nor do I care for it.

Now I should like to hear how they are canvassing me in the bar, and what they think of me in the stable. I am, doubtless, a peer, or a peer's eldest son. I am a great writer, the wondrous poet of the day; or the pre-Raphaelite artist, that all the world is wild about; or I am a youth heart-broken by infidelity in love; or mayhap, a dreadful criminal. I almost think I liked this last the best, the interest was so intense; not to say that there is to men who are not constitutionally courageous an intense pleasure in being able to excite terror in others.

I sit at my tea with the window open, the moonlight beams across the floor, and I have extinguished the candles, the better to drink in its mild radiance. I know that all this puzzles the girl, who has just fetched in the kettle, and I am delighted at being such mystery to every one.

What a mystery must my volume of Uhland have been to them, for I see they have been turning over the pages while I was absent in the stable. They are evidently distracted to know who and what I am, whence I have come, and whither I am going; and now comes in the landlord on a pumping errand; he can't endure it any longer, and is resolved to find out where, at least, I am bound for. Cunning dog, he tells me that if I am going to the Seven Churches a short road lies through Sir Somebody's demesne, and that I have only to send my card and my compliments, and the permission will be promptly accorded me. I resist haughtily, and reply that I only leave my name on those of my own acquaintance, and that I never so much as heard of his baronet before. Is he not overcome with shame? Does he not shrink under the half severity of my rebuke? And now, once more alone, I revel in the immeasurable freedom of a whole world before me. And what a book is this same world! Not like the novels and romances which describe it, and whose catastrophes you can guess ere you have finished the first chapter—well knowing how Frederic was united at last to Edith, and how miserable were the last hours of that wretch Conrad. No; the world's tales were full of surprises and unexpected turns, which, so far from leading back to the main road, went boldly away from it forever. To track out these meanderings, see where they led to, and how they lost themselves, would give an interest to existence far higher than any ordinary career could offer. I am startled suddenly from my reverie. I hear a horse's feet on the silent street. I look out—day is just breaking. Tim is holding Blondel at the door; my hour of adventure has struck, and noiselessly descending the stairs, I issue forth.

"He is a trifle tender on the fore feet, your honor," said Tim, as I mounted, "but when you get him off the stones on a nice piece of soft road, he'll go like a four-year old."

"But he *is* young, Tim, isn't he?" asked I, as I tendered him my half-crown.

"Well, not to tell your honor a lie, he is not," said Tim, with the energy of a man whose veracity had cost him something little less than a spasm.

"How old would you call him, then?" asked I, in that affected ease that seemed to say, "Not that it matters to me if he were Methuselah."

"I couldn't come to his age exactly, your honor," replied he, "but I remember seeing him, fifteen years ago, dancing a hornpipe, more by token for his own benefit; it was at Cooke's Circus in Abbey Street, and there wasn't a hair's difference between him now and then, except, perhaps, that he had a star on the forehead, where you just see the mark a little darker now, that's all."

"But that is a star, plain enough," said I, half vexed.

"Well, it is, and it is not," muttered Tim, doggedly, for he was not quite satisfied with my right to disagree with him.

"He's gentle, at all events?" said I, more confidently.

"He's a lamb, that's what he is!" replied he. "If you were to see the way he lets the Turks run over his back, when he's wounded in Timour the Tartar, you wouldn't believe he was a livin' baste."

"Poor fellow!" said I, caressing him. He turned his mild eye upon me, and we were friends from that hour.

What a glorious morning it was, as I gained the outskirts of the city, and entered one of those shady alleys that lead to the foot of the Dublin mountains! The birds were just opening their morning hymn, and the earth, still fresh from the night dew, sent up a thousand delicious perfumes. The road on either side of me was one succession of handsome villa residences or ornamental cottages, whose grounds were laid out in the perfection of landscape gardening. There were but few persons, however, to be seen at that early hour, and in the smokeless chimneys and closed shutters I could read that all slept—slept in that luxurious hour when nature unvails, and seems to revel in the sense of her unregarded loveliness. "Ah, Potts," said I to myself, "thou hast chosen the wiser part; thou wilt see the world after thine own guise, and not as others see it." Has my reader not often noticed that in a picture-gallery the slightest change of place, a move to the left or right, a chance approach or retreat, suffices to make what seemed a hazy confusion of color and gloss a rich and beautiful picture? So is it in the actual world, and just as much depends on the point from which objects are viewed. Do not be discouraged, then, by the dark aspect of events. It may be that by the slightest move to this side or to that, some unlooked-for sunlight shall slant down and light up all the scene. Thus musing, I gained a little grassy strip that ran along the road-side, and gently touching Blondel with my heel he broke out into a delightful canter, so easy and swimming the motion, it seemed a perfect ecstasy to sit there floating at will through the thin air, with a moving panorama of wood, water, and mountain around me.

Emerging at length from the thickly wooded plain, I began the ascent of the Three Rock Mountain, and in my slackened speed had full time to gaze upon the bay beneath me, broken with many a jutting promontory, and backed by the broad bluff of Howth, and the more distant Lambay. No, it is *not* finer than Naples, I did not say it was; but seeing it as I then saw it, I thought it could not be surpassed. Indeed I went further, and in my enthusiasm defied Naples in this fashion:

Though no volcano's lurid light
  Over thy blue sea steals along,
Nor Pescator beguiles the night
  With cadence of his simple song;

Though none of dark Calabria's daughters
  With tinkling lute thy echoes wake,
Mingling their voices with the water's,
  As 'neath the prow the ripples break;

Although no cliffs with myrtle crown'd,
  Reflected in thy tide, are seen,
Nor olives, bending to the ground,
  Relieve the laurel's darker green;

Yet—yet—

Ah, there was the difficulty—I had begun with the plaintiff, and I really hadn't a word to say for the defendant—not a word to say for the Pigeon House and the Baillie Light, Dalkey Island and Killiney! What a dolt! But, to be sure, I had run myself a little off my wind, and the air of the mountain was brisk enough almost to be sharp; and so, voting comparisons odious, I set forward on my journey.

As I rode into Enniskerry to breakfast I had the satisfaction of overhearing some very flattering comments upon Blondel, which rather consoled me for some less laudatory remarks upon my own horsemanship. By-the-way, can there possibly be a more ignorant sarcasm than to say a man rides like a tailor? Why, of all trades, who so constantly sits straddle-legged as a tailor? and yet he is the especial mark of this impertinence.

I pushed briskly on after breakfast, and soon found myself in the deep shady woods that lead to the Dargle. O delicious groves made for lovers, arbors sacred to picnics, how I adore ye! spots to dally with Amaryllis or a lobster salad, made for soft confessions and iced Champagne. In good truth, I hurried through the picturesque demesne, associated as it was with a thousand little vulgar incidents of city junketings, and rode on for the Glen of the Downs. Blondel and I had now established a most admirable understanding with each other. It was a sort of reciprocity treaty, by which I bound myself never to control him, he in turn consented not to unseat *me*. He gave the initiative to the system by setting off at his pleasant little rocking canter whenever he chanced upon a bit of favorable ground, and invariably pulled up when the road was stony or uneven; thus showing me that he was a beast with what Lord Brougham would call "a wise discretion." In like manner would he halt to pluck any stray ears of wild oats that grew along the hedge sides, and occasionally slake his thirst at convenient streamlets. If I dismounted to walk at his side he moved along unheld, his head almost touching my elbow, and his plaintive blue eye mildly beaming on me with an expression that almost spoke—nay, it did speak. I'm sure I felt it, as though I could swear to it, whispering, "Yes, Potts, two more friendless creatures than ourselves are not easy to find. The world wants not either of us; not that we abuse it, despise it, or treat it ungenerously—rather the reverse, we incline favorably toward it, and would, occasion serving, befriend it; but we are not, so to say, 'of it.' There may be, here and there, a man or a horse that would understand or appreciate us, but they stand alone—they are not belonging to classes. They are, like ourselves, exceptional." If his expression said this much, there was much unspoken melancholy in his sad glance also—that which seemed to say, "What a deal of sorrow could I reveal if I might—what injuries, what wrong, what cruel misconceptions of my nature and disposition, what mistaken notions of my character and intentions! What pretentious stupidity, too, have I seen preferred before me—creatures with, mayhap, a glossier coat or a more silky forelock—" "Ah, Blondel, take courage; men are just as ungenerous, just as erring!" "Not that I have not had my triumphs too," would he seem to say, as, cocking his ears, and ambling with a more elevated toss of the head, his tail would describe an arch like a waterfall; "no salmon-colored silk stockings danced sarabands on *my* back; I was ever ridden in the Haute Ecole by Monsieur L'Etrier himself, the stately gentleman in jack-boots and long-waisted dress-coat, whose five minutes no persuasive bravos could ever prolong. And though at times I would take off his hat wherewith to salute the company, I used it as though it were my own, bowing gracefully over it, nothing menial in my gesture, for I felt all the dignity of the horse in my heart. And now it is all past and over; no more chalked saddles; no more saw-dust rings; never again am I to behold that Peri of Paradise hanging with disheveled hair over the back of that stern monster in the leopard skin; never shall my ear be gladdened with that welcome 'Here we are!' as those emblems of drollery come bounding over each other into the ring!" I thought—nay, I was certain at times—that I could read in his thoughtful face the painful sorrows of one who had outlived popular favor, and who had survived to see himself supplanted and dethroned; some docile Hanoverian, some frisky barb, perhaps, having carried away the suffrages of that ever fickle public.

I am willing to confess it was on this reading of my horse and his character that I attached myself so strongly to him. There are no two destinies which chime in so well together as that of him who is beaten down by sheer distrust of himself, and that of the man who has seen better days; and although the one be just entering on life, while the other is going out of it, if they meet on the threshold they stop to form a friendship. Now, though Blondel was not a man, he supplied to my friendlessness the place of one.

The sun was near its setting as I rode down the little hill into the village of Ashford, a picturesque little spot in the midst of mountains, and with a bright, clear stream bounding through it as fearlessly as though in all the liberty of open country. I tried to make my entrance what stage people call effective. I threw myself, albeit a little jaded, into an attitude of easy indifference, slouched my hat a little to one side, and suffered the sprig of laburnum, with which I had adorned it to droop in graceful guise over one shoulder. The villagers stared, some saluted me, and, taken perhaps by the cool acquiescence of my manner as I returned the courtesy, seemed well disposed to believe me of some note. Even these small tributes, infinitesimal globules of the world's favor, elevated and cheered me; and I felt that I was not—taking sunset, village, the mountains, the ambling palfrey, and my own figure into account—I was not, I say, very unlike the sort of "get up" with which many a thrilling story in three volumes opens; and so much so, that it was not without an effort I could refrain from addressing one of the loiterers in the street with "Marry, my good master, which is your best hostel here?"

Even, however, without this inquiry I rode into the little stable-yard of the Lamb, and dismounted. I gave up my horse, and walked into the inn. I don't know how others feel it—I greatly doubt if they will have the honesty to tell—but for myself I am free to confess that I never entered an inn or a hotel without a most uncomfortable conflict within—a struggle made up of two very antagonistic impulses—the wish to seem something important, and a lively terror lest the pretense should turn out to be costly. Thus moved and swayed by opposing motives, I sought a compromise by assuming that I was incog., for the present a nobody, and to be treated without any marked attention, and to whom the acme of respect would be a seeming indifference.

"What is your village called?" said I, carelessly, to the waiter, as he laid the cloth for dinner.

"Ashford, your honor. 'Tis down in all the books."

"Very like," said I, in the same careless tone. "Is it noted for any thing, or is there any thing remarkable in the neighborhood?"

"Indeed there is, Sir, and plenty. There's Glenmalure and the Devil's Glen; and there's Mr. Snow Malone's place, that every body goes to see; and there's the fishing of Doyle's River—trout, eight, nine, maybe twelve, pounds' weight; and there's Mr. Reeves's cottage—a Swiss cottage belike—at Kinmacreedy; but, to be sure, there must be an order for that."

"Oh, I never give myself such trouble," said I, indolently. "Who have you got in the house at present?"

"There's young Lord Keldrum, Sir, and two more with him, for the fishing; and the next room to you here, there's Father Dyke, from Inistioge, and he's going, by the same token, to dine with the lord to-day."

"Don't mention to his lordship that I am here," said I, hastily. "I desire to be quite unknown down here."

The waiter promised the most implicit obedience to my commands, without ever vouchsafing any misgivings as to the possibility of his disclosing what he did not know.

To his question as to my dinner I carelessly said, as though I were in a West-End club, "Never mind soup—a little fish—a cutlet and partridge. Or order it yourself—I am indifferent."

The waiter had scarcely left the room when I was startled by the sound of voices, so close to me as to seem at my side. They came from a little wooden balcony to the adjoining room, which, by its pretentious bow-window, I recognized to be the state apartment of the inn, and now in the possession of Lord Keldrum and his party. They were talking away in that gay, rattling, discursive fashion very young men do among each other, and discussed fishing-flies, size of fish, and tackle, with occasional divergence into remarks on the neighborhood—the gentleman's seats—and the landlady's niece.

"By-the-way, Kel," cried one, "it was in your visit to the bar that you met your priest, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I offered him a cigar, and we began to chat together, and so I asked him to dine with us to-day."

"And he refused?"

"Yes; but he has since changed his mind, and sent me a message to say he'll be with us at eight."

"I should like to see your father's face, Kel, when he heard of your entertaining the Reverend Father Dyke at dinner."

"Well, I suppose he would say it was carrying conciliation a little too far; but as the adage says, 'A la guerre—'"

At this juncture another burst in among them, calling out, "You'd never guess who's just arrived here, in strict incog., and having bribed Mike, the waiter, to silence. Burgoyne!"

"Not Jack Burgoyne?"

"Jack himself. I had the portrait so correctly drawn by the waiter that there's no mistaking him; the long hair, green complexion, sheepish look, all perfect; he came on a hack—a little cream-colored pad he got at Dycer's—and fancies he's quite unknown."

"What *can* he be up to now? Some sly dodge, without doubt."

"I think I have it," said his lordship. "Courtenay has got two three-year olds down here at his uncle's, one of them under heavy engagements for the spring meetings. Master Jack has taken a run down to have a look at them."

"By Jove, Kel, you're right! He's always wide awake; and that stupid, leaden-eyed look he has has done him good service in the world."

"I say, old Oxley, shall we dash in and unearth him, or just let him fancy that we know nothing of his being here at all?"

"What does Hammond say?" asked the other.

"I'd say leave him to himself," replied a deep voice. "You can't go and see him without asking him to dinner; and he'll walk into us after, do what we will."

"Not surely if we don't play," said Oxley.

"Wouldn't he, though? Why, he'd screw a bet out of a bishop."

"I'd do with him as Tomkinson did," said his lordship; "he had him down at his lodge in Scotland, and bet him fifty pounds that he couldn't pass a week without a wager. Jack booked the bet and won it, and Tomkinson franked the company."

"What an artful villain my counterpart must be!" said I, and I stared in the glass to see if I could discover the sheepishness they laid such stress on. "Let me examine closely," thought I, "and try if I can detect that marvelous simplicity they speak of." Nothing of the kind; I was pale, to be sure, and my hair a light brown, but so was Shelley's; indeed, there was a wild, but soft expression in my eyes that resembled his, and I could recognize many things in our natures that seemed to correspond. It was the poetic dreaminess, the lofty abstractedness from all the petty cares of everyday life which vulgar people set down as simplicity; and thus,

The soaring thoughts that reached the stars
  Seemed ignorance to *them*.

As I uttered the consolatory lines, I felt two hands firmly pressed over my eyes, while a friendly voice called out, "Found out, old fellow! run fairly to earth!" "Ask him if he knows you," whispered another, but in a voice I could catch.

"Who am I, Jack?" cried the first speaker.

"Situated as I now am," replied I, "I am utterly unable to pronounce; but of one thing I am assured—I am perfectly certain I am not called Jack."

The slow and measured intonation of my voice seemed to electrify them, for my captor relinquished his hold and fell back, while the two others, after a few seconds of blank surprise, burst into a roar of laughter, a sentiment which the other could not refrain from, while he struggled to mutter some words of apology.

"Perhaps I can explain your mistake, gentlemen," said I, blandly; "I am supposed to be extremely like the Prince of Salms Hökinsvauhen—"

"No, no!" burst in Lord Keldrum, whose voice I recognized, "we never saw the prince. It was by the blunder of the waiter that we fell into this embarrassment; we fancied you were—"

"Mr. Burgoyne," chimed I in.

"Exactly, Jack Burgoyne; but you're not a bit like him."

"Strange, then; but I'm constantly mistaken for him, and when in London, I'm actually persecuted by people calling out, 'When did you come up, Jack?' 'Where do you hang out?' 'How long do you stay?' 'Dine with me to-day—to-morrow—Saturday?' and so on; and although, as I have remarked, these are only so many embarrassments for me, they all show how popular must be my prototype." I had purposely made this speech of mine a little long, for I saw by the disconcerted looks of the party that they did not see how to wind up "the situation," and, like all awkward men, I grew garrulous where I ought to have been silent. While I thus rambled on Lord Keldrum had exchanged a word or two, scarcely more, with one of his friends, and as I finished he turned toward me, and with an air of much courtesy said,

"We owe you every apology for this intrusion, and hope you will pardon it; there is, however, but one way in which we can certainly feel assured that we have your forgiveness, that is, by your joining us at dinner. I see that your own is in preparation, so pray let me countermand it, and say that you are our guest."

"Lord Keldrum," said one of the party, presenting the speaker; "my name is Hammond, and this is Captain Oxley, Coldstream Guards."

I saw that this move required an exchange of ratifications, and so I bowed and said, "Algernon Sydney Potts."

"There are Staffordshire Pottses?"

"No relation," said I, stiffly, for it was Hammond made the remark, and there was about him a certain sneering manner that I could not abide.

"Well, Mr. Potts, it is agreed," said Lord Keldrum, with his peculiar urbanity, "we shall see you at eight. I need not say there's no dressing. You'll find us in this fishing costume you see now."

I trust my reader, who has dined out any day he pleased and in any society he has liked these years past, will forgive me if I do not enter into any detailed account of my reasons for accepting this invitation. Enough if I freely own that to me, A. S. Potts, such an unexpected honor was about the same surprise as if I had been announced governor of a colony or bishop in a new settlement.

"At eight sharp, Mr. Potts."

"The next door down the passage."

"And just as you are, remember!" were the three parting admonitions; and they left me.

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night-mail lumbering through the heavy snow one wild and gusty December night, some forty years ago, bore a shivering freight of blue-nosed passengers on their comfortless journey across the barren moors of Dearthshire, and among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. Hester Burgess had a dreary and forlorn prospect before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In those days winters were really winters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the coach, insinuated itself down the travelers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overalls and wrappers, and attacked them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer from these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold, and was very miserable; and so it was that at a halting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opening the coach-door begged permission of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein reclining to admit the poor frozen maid. A responsive grunt being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before daybreak, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a man, whose face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold gray eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh, Sir!" Hester cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other traveler asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out '*Murder!*' in your sleep?"

"I didn't know I did, Sir."

"You did, and woke me. Don't do so again."

The ugly face retreating, the gray eyes closing, the wrappers readjusted, all became quiet, as before; but Hester trembling, she scarce knew why, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"HERE'S the Pollards!" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after daybreak. "And here's the carriage, Sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her traveling companion took his place in the brougham waiting at the corner of the road. The driver bade her sit beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Silas Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the Master's brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph, was married to his good lady, on whom, *they did say*, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Rogers (he was the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married how there had been a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. "Very strange man, Mr. Silas," Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very, very strange."

The dullest place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red-brick building, having, on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other, a large stagnant dike, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family; but since her father's death had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival the repairs and improvements had been for a while suspended. You may be sure the town-servants were dull enough here: indeed Jeames, yawning, was a sight to see and be frightened at, in such imminent peril of falling off did the top part of that gentleman's head appear to be on these occasions. As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all preyed upon her mind, and, with the general melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for anxiety.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse in spite of doctors and physic. Night and day his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, often mixing and administering his medicines to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and seek a few hours' repose while he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented, and then all the household retired to their respective chambers except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and then there broke upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, in answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who cried out in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The distracted woman hurried into the room. It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face, and *quite cold!*

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half-dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candle-light. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, stooped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A GREATER gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by one gave warning, and left; and so Hester at last was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up with no idea of going into service, or mixing with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and down-hearted.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered to clear up certain matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his company was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and things went on the same as usual.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fast-dying fire in the servants' hall. It was her duty to wait until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves; all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously waiting, an overpowering sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went softly up stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bedroom, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark ante-chamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back toward her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so childish?"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said, complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go if he offends you. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark; and before she had time to speak or move the bedroom door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered; and with a searching look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and since her husband's death had almost entirely kept her own room, where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters, or to chat away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel's turn to be ill; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor who attended Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had been ill about three days when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and he staid to dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) consented, after much persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived some miles off, and must cross a wild and open country before he reached his home. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up stairs to visit her. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summon them if required.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire with a book, having a watch before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper on a tray she told Hester that the gentlemen were smoking and driving in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor' bless you, child! Here, take your supper; and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burned low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy window-curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only *her own* heart throbbing and a faint buzzing in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn toward the bed, was the work of a moment. It required no second look; the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterward Hester recollected how unsteadily Mr. Adams stood by the bed—how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterward she recollected, too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the grate a straightened hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was in itself so trivial that, had it not in some odd fashion connected this death with the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was partially shut up and darkened; the servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, had not her mistress implored her to remain. The sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left her room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a great quantity. Hester, at best, must have been poor company, for she was herself in bad health, out of spirits, nervous, and irritable. She, however, did her utmost to comfort her mistress, for whom she had from the first entertained a great regard; and, indeed, ever-suffering, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted away slowly. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane, the days to shorten; the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight on those calm autumn evenings *toward the end.*

Winter was coming round again, and she grew worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, the patient fretted at her absence. For hours she would sit holding the faithful girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year, when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face: a sort of dread and fear seemed settling upon it. One evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she slept in an adjoining apartment), her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will not leave me till my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"Feel safe, ma'am?"

"Hush, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed, and drawing the girl closer to her. "I am afraid of—*him!*"

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face; and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the light; a lean hand stole in, snake-like, between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed; then a human head, hollow-cheeked and evil-looking, peeped in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half-hidden in its wicked eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

THE same eyes watched her as, crossing the threshold of her own room, Hester looked back at Silas's retreating figure on the stairs. Throughout the night, restlessly tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present to her excited fancy. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of the door. Then she was sure that she heard a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her? No. All was again quiet; and again she closed her eyes. So she continued until toward daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Her mistress's voice awoke her, not calling loudly, but clear, distinct, and *close to her*—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound, and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She tore the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought she rushed into her mistress's room and threw herself upon the bed, clutched the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly over the dear, dear friend whom she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face—the same look which the sister's face had worn—the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph; and there was upon the bosom of the corpse a small round mark, like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in as they had done before on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupefied, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—got away from them all, and, to avoid any further questions, sought refuge in the garden. She walked straight to the most lonely part at the back of the house, and sat down in a little ruined arbor, to think what she should do. She had not been there long when she saw, lying right before her on the path, *another straightened hair-pin!*

She stooped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she rose, holding it in her fingers, a dark form passed between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and, looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

* * * * * *

Days, and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good Aunt Sophy brought her up to town, and change of scene at length restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the laundress in this gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Pollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. Mrs. Haddock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day—with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralyzed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him!

ON THE WATER.

ON THE ROAD.

GARRETT J. LEYDECKER, CADET AT WEST POINT.

CHARLES F. SCHULTZ, NAVAL SCHOLAR AT ANNAPOLIS.

TWO PRIZE SCHOLARS FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE appointment to a cadetship at West Point and a naval scholarship at Annapolis being within the gift of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, that gentleman, with a spirit worthy of all commendation, announced through the City Superintendent of Public Schools, that he would bestow the appointments upon the two scholars in the public schools of his Congressional District who should prove themselves, in a public examination, most worthy. The examination—a severe and protracted one—resulted in the recommendation of Master Garrett J. Leydecker for the cadetship, and Master Charles F. Schultz for the naval scholarship, and they have since been appointed. We publish their portraits herewith. It is high praise of Master Schultz to say that, during his pupilage of three and a half years in the public schools, he never received a demerit mark for misconduct.

Master Garrett J. Leydecker is the son of worthy though not wealthy parents, his father being employed as clerk in a mercantile establishment. Young Leydecker entered the Primary Department of Ward School No. 38 at the early age of six years. He there proved to be a studious and a bright boy, and passed rapidly through all the intermediate classes, from the lowest in the Primary to the highest in the Grammar Department, and was pronounced fit for admission to the Free Academy at the examination of candidates in July, 1857. At that examination he could not be presented, inasmuch as he had not yet attained the age required by law (14 years), and accordingly, with characteristic energy, applied himself to the task of keeping pace in his studies with his associates who were admitted at that time. Although prosecuting the studies under disadvantages, when his position is compared with those who were daily receiving instruction at the Free Academy, at the following examination of classes in February, 1858, having then reached the prescribed age, he was placed in the class with his associates in No. 38, and maintained his position, as at the next regular promotion, July, 1858, he was advanced to the Freshman Class. The test through which he has just passed proves that since that time he has continued his active prosecution of study, and that he is calculated to be a credit to West Point.

Master Charles F. Shultz, who last week received his appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis, was born at Stettin, in Prussia, in 1846, and came to this country in 1857. Two weeks after his arrival he was placed in Ward School No. 29. He then did not understand a word of the English language, excepting a few short sentences. In a note to us he says: "Here I studied geography, spelling and defining, and arithmetic. At first I was rather embarrassed, but after a little while I got along very well. Before I was promoted into the next class, which was done in next January, I could almost speak English as well as I can now. I was promoted every examination after this, until I reached the first class, in 1859, having skipped the second. Mr. Annan, the principal, then took me in the class preparing for admission into the Free Academy. I was examined for admission to that institution on the 10th and 11th of July, this year, and admitted. I then heard that pupils from the First, Third, and Eighth Wards would be examined for admission to the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I told my father about it, and he told me to try for Annapolis. I was accordingly examined and accepted. Father is a shoemaker by trade."

The example set by Mr. Sickles is one that is worthy of imitation by Congressmen from every section of the country. If the scholarships and cadetships were always made rewards of merit, our boys would have a fresh stimulus to exertion.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

SNUFF OUT OF A DIAMOND BOX.

ANOTHER week rolled on. They were all sitting over their dessert at their last dinner at Escondido, for they were all going to leave old Clinker in the morning.

"Clinker," said Piron, "you told me yesterday that you had a note from Colonel Lawton, saying he would not take passage in the brig with us to New Orleans, as his business obliged him to leave before we could sail?"

Clinker choked out something like "Yes," as if it were the last sound a body could sigh with three or four hundred tons on his back.

"I'm doosed glad to hear it, Piron; for your military friend didn't enlist my fancy at all, and I don't believe any more of his patriot sarvice than I do in Clinker's earthquake. That Colonel is a baste; and if my words prove true, I'll lave a thousand pounds to old Clinker there."

Paddy Burns's words did prove true; and old Clinker was with him when he gave a quake the earth had nothing to do with, it being entirely of an apoplectic nature; but he got the thousand pounds nevertheless.

"For once in your life, Burns, I agree with ye; and if that military mon went to shoot grouse with me in the Hielands I'd tramp behind him, and keep both barrels of me gun cocked. The devil take his black wig and his green eyes!—and he passing himsel' aff for a Scot too! Tut, mon!"

"By-the-way, Clinker," said Piron, during a pause in the conversation, "if the Colonel is not going with us I must take him back his magnificent snuff-box he forgot when he left us so suddenly the other morning. Here it is, with the letters of his name on it in brilliants. I thought it too valuable to send by one of the blacks, and I kept it to carry myself."

How singular it was that the Colonel should have forgotten his royal treasure! Keep your wits about you, Captain Brand, or one of these days you'll be forgetting your pistols.

"Given to him by a connection of his family, was it, Paddy? Weel, mon, let's take a peench for the honor of Sackveel Street, and then push it along to Meester Darcantel."

The Doctor was sitting in his calm, grave way, listening to the disjointed words—like dried nuts dropping on the ground—from the shriveled lips of Clinker; but as he abstractedly put his fingers in the box, and turned his eyes languidly as he pushed down the lid, he gave a bound from his chair—with the box clutched in his left hand—with a jar of the room and table that even made Clinker believe the forty year earthquake had come before its time.

Standing there with his tall, majestic figure, like a statue of bronze, his right arm poised with clenched hand aloft in a threatening attitude; his dark, grizzled locks bristling above his head; the black eyes flaming with an inhuman light, as if prepared to crush, with the power of a god, the pigmies around him, he said, in a deep, low voice, which made the glasses ring and shudder,

"Who owns this bauble?"

"It belongs to a Colonel Lawton, who has been staying here!" exclaimed Piron, quickly and hurriedly.

"What sort of man?" came again from those terrible lungs, without relaxing a muscle of his frame.

"A square-built, tallish fellow, of about feefty, with greenish blue eyes, a black wig, and a glorious sapphire ring on the only finger of his left hand!" roared Burns and Stewart together.

Again came the jar of the earthquake to make the building, table, glasses, and all shake, as Paul Darcantel strode with his heels of adamant out of the sala, and to the veranda; then a bound, which was heard in the room; and after five minutes' stupid silence Banou appeared.

The buckra gentleman had torn rather than led his master's barb from the stable, and scarcely waiting for a saddle, had thrown himself like an Indian across his back. There!—his master might hear the clattering of the hoofs up the steep.

"The mon's daft—clean daft, mon!" "Be me sowl, it's the only pair of eyes I iver wouldn't like to look at over me saw-handled friend, Joe Manton!" "He's taken the box with him," crackled Clinker.

But that was the last that Paddy Burns or Stewart or Clinker ever saw of man or box. Piron rose and listened to the sound of the receding hoofs from the veranda; and when he resumed his place his lips were sealed for the night. *He* saw, however, and the rest of them heard a good deal about the man and the box in time to come.

Did that blooded horse, as he dashed round the curve of the peak, with his thin nostrils blazing red in the dark night, know who his rider was, and on what errand he was bound? It was not snuff that distended those wide nostrils as he plunged down the broken road, through the close, deep forest, over rocks and water-courses, without missing a step with his sure, ringing hoofs; and mounting the sharp gorge beyond with the leap of a stag, his mane and tail streaming in the calm, thick night; the eyes lanterns of pursuing light; flashing out before his precipitous tread in jets of fire, as his feet struck the flinty stones, with a regular, enduring throb from his heaving chest, as an encouraging hand patted his shoulder and urged him onward.

Down the mountain again, with never a shy or a snort—the horse knowing the rider, and the man the noble beast; the lizards wheetling merrily, and the parrakeets on the tree-tops waking up to chatter with satisfaction. Then into the beaten track along by the sea-shore, the horse increasing his stride at every minute, the spume flying in flakes from his flaming nostrils, and the man bending to his hot neck, smoothing away the white foam; until, with a panting stagger, horse and rider stood still in the town of Kingston.

"Here, my boys, rub this your master's horse down well, and walk him about the court-yard for an hour. There! Take this between you!"

One last pat of the steed's arched neck, a grateful neigh as the dark face pressed against his broad head, and Paul Darcantel strode away in the gray light of the morning.

"Gorra mighty! Nimble Jack, look at dis! Bress my modder in hebben, it am one gold ounce apiece, sure as dis gemmen's name Ring Finger Bill! De Lord be good to dat tall massa! Him must hab plenty ob shiner to hove him away on poor dam niggers!"

Even while the tall man strode on toward the port, and as the happy blacks were chattering over their yapper, and walking the gallant steed up and down the paved court-yard, a dull, heavy-sailing Spanish brigantine was slowly sagging past Gallows Point and the Apostles' Battery, when, creeping on by the frowning forts of Port Royal, she held her course to sea.

Very different sort of a craft from the counterfeit brigantine with clean, lean bows slipping out from the Tiger's Trap one sultry evening before a hurricane, which went careering, with a sea hound after her, down to the Garrote Gorge. Different kind of a crew too, and Captain Brand must have remarked the contrast, with his keen, critical, nautical eye—that is, if he chanced to sail in both brigantines, as there is much reason for believing he did—with great disgust, on board the dirty, dumpy old ballahoo now just clear of Drunkenman's Key, and heading along shore for Helshire Point, bound for St. Jago de Cuba.

CHAPTER XLV.

LILIES AND SEA-WEED.

BY day and night, under sun or moon, and in breeze or calm—by the resounding shore—on the rippling water—in saloon and grove, picnicking and boating—under vine or awning—all around in the whirling waltz, the measured contra-danza—amidst the tinkle of guitar or trill of piano, the rattle and crash of the full band on board the frigate—gently rocking on the narrow deck of the *Rosalie*, or down in the brig of teak—there was ever a white arm linked in the arm of blue—now timidly, then with a confiding pressure—now a furtive look of blue eyes into dark—then a fixed, steady gaze from the brown to the

"HIS RIGHT ARM POISED WITH CLENCHED HAND ALOFT," ETC.

light—here a palpitating pause, and then the blue arms wound around the waving stem—two white arms clasping, with a passionate caress, the neck of the weed—and, yes! the Lily floating on the white cheek of the pond had been caught by the strong weed, and with the reacting tide was going out to sea! Ay, the sailor had won the maiden!

But while the Lily rocked hither and thither on the pond, with its blond leaves and petals of blue, and its pliant stem in danger at every tide, did the fond mothers watch it from the bank? That they did, thinking of the time when they were lilies of the pond themselves, with no fears of danger near! But at last it came, and, like blooming flowers, they swung to and fro in the rain, dropping a tear or two from their own rosy leaves—more in dewy sorrow than in fear—and waiting for sunshine. Bending their beautiful heads of roses the while, one toward another, peeping out with their dark violet eyes and listening, as the wind shook them, with a tremble of apprehension, and clinging hopefully to the straight support on which they reclined.

By day and night, in burning sun with not a drop to drink, and in the sultry night with no morsel of food to eat—through the searing sand in the streets and lanes, down by the quays—to every vessel in the crowded harbor—in every hotel and lodging-house in Kingston—up and down Spanish Town—away off to Port Royal—occasionally going on board the frigate for gold, then on shore again—in ribald wassail and drunken dance, gaming hells especially, and low crimping houses, maroon and negro huts and wretched haunts of vice—scattering gold like cards, dice, rum, and water—no end to it—in large yellow drops too—and still striding on, questioning, gleaming with those revengeful eyes—never resting brain or body, without drink or meat—went Paul Darcantel.

Oh, Paul! that cowardly villain saw you from the very moment you took that pinch of snuff out of his blue enameled box! Ay! even before, when you walked your mule slowly up the broken road, while a goaded barb was curbed back in the gloomy forest till you had passed, with his rider's finger in his waistcoat pocket. And in all your ceaseless wanderings, by day and night, that now timid, terror-stricken villain has been following you. Dodging behind corners—under the well-worn cloths of monté banks—in the back rooms of pulperias—hiding in nests of infamy! Every where and in all places steering clear of you!

Oh, Paul! what a deceived man you are!

And while you are doing all this just turn your eyes out to the calm spot off Montego Bay, where that leaky old brigantine is bobbing about. The dirty, surly capitano kicking and beating the hands from taffrail to bowsprit—particularly one great tall fellow, without a hat and but a few dry thin hairs to shield his skull from the scorching sun; cursing him, as he puffs a cigarrito, for being the most idle scoundrel of a skulk on board! But he—the scoundrel—laughing with a hollow laugh up the sleeve of his filthy shirt, with never a dollar in his belt, or an extra pair of trowsers in the forecastle, with bare feet, and still, cold eyes, now turned to green—eating nasty jerked beef and drinking putrid water—never sleeping for vermin—kicked and cuffed about the decks!

But yet he smiled with a devilish satisfaction, Paul, for he had escaped *you*, and was bound to St. Jago de Cuba! From there he would charter—steal, perhaps—a small boat, and run over to the Doce Leguas Keys, where there was ten thousand pounds in mildewed gold! If nobody had discovered it—which was not probable—and he—the scoundrel—would gather it up in bags, and slink away to some other part of the world!

You must be very quick, Captain Brand, for the leaky brigantine does not sail so fast as the *Centipede*, and your ancient compadre, Don Ignacio, is just out of prison. His old, fat, banana wife is very sorry for it, but that's none of your business.

And you, Doctor Paul! Don't you pity that flying, dirty wretch, with his mutilated hand, and soul-beseeching gaze out of those greenish, frozen eyes, where a ray of mercy never entered, but whose icy lids fairly crack as your shadow stamps across them?

No! not a ray of pity or mercy for the infamous villain; not even a twitch of the little finger of his bloody, mutilated white hand! No! not the faintest hope of pity! He shall die in such torments as even a pirate never devoted a victim!

But you are worn out, Darcantel; your prey has escaped you. The people think you mad, as you are, for revenge; and though your stride is the same, and your frame still as nervous as a galvanized corpse, yet flesh and blood can not stand it. Go on board the *Monongahela* and talk to that true friend whose counsels you have ever listened to since you were rocking in your cradle, or take that noble, gallant youth in your arms and console him—for he needs consolation—and think of the mouse who gnawed the net years and years ago.

Well, you will, Paul Darcantel; but before you do, you will step into that little jeweler's shop and buy a trifle for old Clinker there, out at Escondido. You want a ring, the finest gem that can be found on the island of Jamaica. There it is—its equal not to be bought in the whole West India Islands, or the East Indies either.

"I gave a military man an ounce for the setting alone, but the sapphire-looking stone may be glass. He was going to sail the next morning in a Spanish brigantine for St. Jago de Cuba, and wanted the money to pay his bill at the lodging-house adjoining. The Señor might take it for any price he chose to put upon it."

What made that old dealer in precious stones and trinkets turn paler than his old topaz face as he yelled frantically for his older Creole wife? The Señor had seized the ring as he broke his elbows through the glass cases which contained the time-honored jewelry, and dashed a yellow shower of heavy gold ounces over the floor of the little shop, smashing the glass door of that too in his exit! And when the little toddling fat woman appeared in the most indecent dress possible to conceive of, with scarcely time to light her paper cigar, she exclaimed,

"*Es lunatico hombre! ay, demonio con oro!* A crazy man—a demon with gold!". And forthwith she picked up the pieces and looked at them critically to be sure of their value. "*Son buenos, Campeche!* All right, old Deary; we'll have such a podrida to-day! Baked duck with garlic, too! So shut the door! There's the ounce you gave the officer man for the ring, and I'll guard the rest."

That old woman did, too, and that very night she won—in the most skillful way—from her shaky old topaz, in his tin spectacle setting, his last ounce, and locked all up in her own little brass-nailed trunk for a rainy season for them both, together with their daughter's picaninnies.

Paul Darcantel whirled and spun round the corners and along the sandy streets till he reached the landing, moving like a water-spout and clearing every thing from his track. There he sprang into the first boat he saw, seized the sculls, despite the shrieks and gesticulations of the old nigger whose property it was, and who jumped overboard with a howl as if a lobster had caught him by the toe, and paddled into a neighboring boat where, with the assistance of another ancient crony, they both let off volley upon volley of shrieks which alarmed the harbor, while the boat went shooting like a javelin toward the men-of-war.

However, those old stump-tailed African baboons found a gold ounce in their boat after it had been set adrift from the American frigate. What a jolly snapping of teeth over a tough old goose stuffed with onions that night, with two respectable colored ladies and a case bottle of rum beside them! You can almost sniff the fragrant odor as it arises, even at this distance. I do, and shall, mayhap, many a time again, in lands where stuffed goose and comely colored ladies abound.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PARTING.

THERE had been a small party on board the *Monongahela* the night before to bid the Commodore good-by—all old friends of both parties. The Pirons, Burns, Stewart, Stingo, and Jacob Blunt. Clinker was not there, for he never went where it was damp, and if he got musty it must be from mildew on shore. The *Martha Blunt*, under the careful management of young Binks, the mate, with Banou and all the baggage on board, was being towed by two of the frigate's boats down the harbor, with her yards mastheaded all ready to sheet home the sails when the black pilot should say the land-wind would make and the passengers to come on board.

The lights were twinkling from lattice and veranda in the upper and lower town, the lanterns of the French and English Admirals were shining from the tops of their flag-ships, and the revolving gleams from the beacon on the Pallissadoes Point flickered and dazzled over the gemmed starlit surface of the water. The awning was still spread on the after deck of the *Monongahela*; and there, while the officer of the watch paced the forward part of the deck with the midshipmen to leeward, the sentries on the high platform outside and on the forecastle, the party of ladies and gentlemen stood silently watching and thinking.

Softly, like the cool breath of a slumbering child, came a faint air from the land. The bell of the frigate, clanging in its brassy throat, struck for midnight. The sentinels on their posts cried, "All's well!" The old brig was letting fall her topsails; and the sound of the oars in the cutters' row-locks ceased.

"Cleveland!" said Piron, quietly, "while the ladies and our friends are getting into the barge, come down with me in your cabin. I wish to have a parting word with you."

So they go down.

"Now, my dear friend, you have seen as well as I how wildly those young people are in love with each other. So has my wife and her sister; and, indeed, *my* sweet Rosalie seems more in love with him than our niece. I have not had the heart to put a thorn in the path of their happiness, and God grant it may all come right. But, Cleveland, you know that we come from an old and noble stock, where the bar sinister has never crossed our escutcheon, and I can not yet make up my mind to an immediate engagement. This our niece has consented to— Stop, Cleveland! hear me out. I do not, however, carry my prejudices to any absurd extent, nor have I spoken on this subject to the girl, and only to her mother and my wife; but I wish you to explain the way we feel, in your own kind manner, to your friend's son. Say to him what a trial it has been to us—how we all love him"—he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes—"and after he has learned all, if he still persists in urging his suit when the cruise is over, he shall have our consent and blessing. Time may work changes in them both; and meanwhile I shall not mention the matter to our little Rosalie, as we fear for the consequences."

"Spoken like a true father and a noble gentleman, my dear Piron! I have thought as you and your excellent wife do on this matter; but, like you, I have not had the courage to give even a hint of warning to Henry. I shall, however, break the matter gently to him, and send my coxswain for his father also, whom I have not seen for a week, and who, they tell me, has been raging about Kingston ever since he ran away from you at Escondido. His son loves him devotedly; and a word from him will do more than I could say in a lifetime."

"The ladies are in the barge, Commodore," squeaked Midshipman Mouse, as he popped his tiny head into the cabin.

"Very well, Sir. And tell Lieutenant Darcantel that I wish to see him to-morrow morning, before church service. Come, Piron!"

On the lower grating of the accommodation ladder stood the Commodore with his first lieutenant as the barge shoved off.

"I am heartily obliged to you, Commodore Cleveland," said Jacob Blunt, "for your kindness to me; and if Mr. Hardy will permit, I'll give the boats' crews a glass of grog for their trouble in towing the old brig."

Certainly! Jacob knew what was proper under the circumstances, and liked a moderate toss himself after a hard night's work as well as the lusty sailors in the boats, and the youngsters, Rat and Martin, who steered them.

So the barge shoved off, with no other words spoken, though there were white handkerchiefs wet with women's tears, and red bandanas, too, somewhat moist; while following in the barge's wake went a light whale-boat gig, pulled by four old tars, who could make her leap, when they had a mind, half out of water; for it was in those brawny old arms to do it. But now they merely dipped the long oar-blades in the water, and could not keep up with the barge.

They knew—those corrugated old salts—that their gallant, considerate young Captain there in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hands, who steered so wildly about the harbor, had something more yielding than white-laced rope in his flippers; and that the sweet little craft under white dimity, with her head throwing off the sparkling spray as she lay under his bows, was in no hurry to go to sea—not caring much, either, to what port she was bound, so long as she found good holding ground when she got in harbor with both bowers down, and cargo ready for another voyage—not she!

Finally, old Jacob Blunt, Master, again in full command of brig *Martha*, with Mr. Binnacle Binks catting the anchor forward; all sail made, sheets home, and every thing ship-shape, with a fresh, steady land-wind, and a light gig towing astern, went steering out to sea, bound to New Orleans, by way of the Windward Passage.

At the first ray of sunrise the gig's line was cast off; and with the waves breaking over her, those four old sons of Daddy Neptune bared their tattooed arms—illustrative of ships, anchors, and maidens—and bent their bodies with a will toward the harbor.

"Take keer, Sir, if it's the same to you, or we'll be on that ledge off the ''Postle's Battery.' It looks jist like that 'ere reef in the Vargin's Passage as I was wunce nearly 'racked on, in the *Smasher*, sixteen-gun brig."

"No fear, Harry Greenfield."

"Beg your parding, Mr. Darcantel, but that 'ere wessel you is heading for is that old clump of a Spanish gun-boat; our craft is off here, under the quarter of the *Monongaheelce*."

"Oh yes, Charley; I see the *Rosalie*."

What made these old salts slew gravely round one to the other, as their sixteen-feet oars rattled with a regular jar in the brass rullocks, and shut one eye tight, as if they enjoyed something themselves? Probably they were thinking of a strapping lass, in blue ribbons, who lived somewhere in a sea-port town long years ago. But yet they loved that young slip of sea-weed, whose head was bent down to the buttons of his blue jacket, his epaulet lopsided on his shoulder, his sword hilt downward, and his brown eyes tracing the lines of the ash grating where pretty feet had once rested, while he jerked the tiller ropes from side to side, and his gig went wild by reef and point toward the *Rosalie*.

When the gig's oars at last, in spite of her meandering navigation by her abstracted helmsman, trailed alongside the schooner, and while her crew were cracking a few biscuit and jokes on deck, with the sun high up the little craft's masts, her Captain hurried down to his small cabin, and changed his rig for service on board the frigate.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEVOTION.

SUNDAY morning in Kingston harbor. The deep-toned bells from cathedral and church were wafted off from the town; the troops at Park Camp marching with easy tread to their chapel; matrons and maidens, with bare heads, fans, and mantillas, going along demurely; portly judges, factors, and planters trudging beside palanquins of their Saxon spouses; negroes in white; Creoles in brown, cigarritos put out for a time; while swinging censers and rolling sound of organs and chants, or prayers and sermons from kirk and pulpits, told how the people were worshiping God according to their several beliefs.

On the calm harbor, too, and in Port Royal, lay the men-of-war, the church pennants taking the place of the ensigns at the peaks, the bells tolling, and the sailors—quiet, clean, and orderly—were attending Divine service.

On board the *Monongahela* the great spar-deck was comparatively deserted—all save that officer with his spy-glassing old quarter-master, and the sentries on gangway and forecastle. The ropes, however, were flemished down in concentric coils, the guns without a speck of dust on their shining coats, the capstan polished like an old brass candlestick, and every thing alow and aloft in a faultless condition.

As Harry Darcantel came rather languidly over the gangway, and went down to the main-deck, where the five hundred sailors in snowy-white mustering clothes were assembled, Commodore Cleveland beckoned to him with his finger as he stood talking at the cabin-door to his first lieutenant.

"Hardy, I do not feel well this morning; make my excuses to the chaplain, and go on with the service. Come in, Harry. Orderly, allow no one, not even the servants, to enter the cabin—except Doctor Darcantel, in case he should come on board."

The stiff soldier laid his white-gloved finger on the visor of his hat. Then the chaplain, standing on his flag-draped pulpit at the main-mast, with those five hundred quiet, attentive sailors seated on capstan-bars and match-tubs between the silent cannon, and no sound save his mild, persuasive voice, as he read the sublime service from the good lessons before him. Then, after a short but impressive sermon, adapted to the comprehension of the honest tars around him, with a kindly word, too, for the sagacious officers who commanded them, he closed the Holy Book and delivered the parting benediction.

As he began, a shore boat, in spite of the warning of the sentry at the gangway, came bows on to the frigate's solid side, and as she went dancing and bobbing back from the recoil of the concussion a tall, powerful man leaped out of her, and by a mighty spring caught the man-ropes of the port gangway, and swung himself through the open port of the gun-deck. Bowing his lofty head with reverential awe as the last solemn words of the benediction were uttered by the chaplain, he joined, in a deep, guttural voice, the word "Amen," and strode on and entered the cabin.

The curtains were closely drawn of the after-cabin, even to shut out the first whisper of the young sea-breeze which was fluttering in from Port Royal, and there stood that noble officer, with his strong arm thrown around the gallant youth—the picture of abject woe—talking in his kind, feeling accents, trying to console him, painting the sky bright in the distance, and begging him, by all the love and affection he bore him through so many years, to be a man, and trust to his good conscience and his right arm to cleave his way through the clouds and gloom which surrounded him.

"There, Henry, you are calmer now. Sit down here in my state-room, and while you think of that fond girl give a thought to that poor, bereaved mother, Madame Rosalie, who loves you for the resemblance she thinks you bear to her little boy, who was murdered by pirates just seventeen years ago off this very island."

"What do you say, Cleveland?" said a voice behind him with such deep, concentrated energy that the Commodore fairly started. "What did you say about a lost child and a Madame Rosalie?"

Paul Darcantel stood there in the softened crimson light, with his sinewy, bony hands upraised, his gaunt breast heaving, with unshorn beard and tangled, grizzly locks, the iron jaw half open, and his dark, terrible eyes gleaming with unearthly fire.

"Speak, Harry Cleveland! For the wife you have lost, speak!"

"My dear, dearest friend; do be calm! Why have you been so long away from me? I wanted you here, but you did not come. Our poor boy has had *his* first lesson in this world's grief, and I have felt obliged to tell him all—yes, every thing! That the grave he has so often wept over, under the magnolia, does not contain his mother; and that—"

"Merciful God!" said Paul Darcantel, sinking down on his knees, with his hands clasped together, while the first tears for more than twenty years streamed from his agonized eyes. "There is a Providence in it all! That boy is not my son! I saved him from the Pirate's grasp, and that woman must be his mother!"

Lower and lower the lofty head bent, till it touched the deck, the bony hands clasped tight together—and those eyes! Ah, those parched eyes! No longer dry!

"Paul, Paul! What is this I hear? For the love of Heaven and those angels who are waiting for us, speak again!"

"My father—my more than father, I am not illegitimate, then! No such shame may cause your boy to blush for his mother?"

While strong and loving arms raised the exhausted man from the deck, and while he becomes once more the same determined Paul Darcantel, and with hand grasped in hand is rapidly recounting unknown years of his existence, let us leave the cabin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BALTIMORE, *August* 2, 1860.

AN article in your *Weekly* for August 4th on the subject of Atlantic Telegraphs struck me as being so correct (particularly as regards the *old* company), that, with your permission, I will give you the exact speed of the electric current through the whole length of the first Atlantic Cable, taken on the spot by the writer.

It will be remembered Queenstown, Ireland, was the rendezvous of the fleet previous to departure for Valentia Bay. It was at the former place, on the 1st of August, 1857, that a connection was made between the wire on board the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, containing in all about two thousand seven hundred miles. Experiment proved that it required *three-fourths* of a second for the "spark" to pass through. This was on the very eve of departure (the fleet started August 3d). Previous to this the time was never less than from 1¾ to 1 second for the transmission of a spark.

It will be seen by this that, up to the last moment, the passage of the electricity did not justify the belief that a "remunerative speed" had been obtained, and in all probability could not be until a more perfect system of electrical and mechanical arrangements was arrived at.

Respectfully, TELEGRAPHER.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
 The mantles that our pride would don,
While busy-finger'd Care unreaves
 The garments as we put them on.
We rear our palaces of joy,
 And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
 Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
 Shadow and substance ever blending;
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
 Gaily beginning—sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to-day,
 They jar to-morrow, and she flouts him;
Now she believes whate'er he'll say,
 A month has gone,—alas! she doubts him;
The lover hangs upon a glance,
 With glowing trust and earnest sueing;
Next year he rouses from his trance,
 And scorns the one he late was wooing.
And thus we play the game of Life,
 Our dreams dispell'd, our plans defeated,
And when we've lost with pain and cost,
 Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The cooing infant's rosy mouth
 Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When waves are calm, and winds are south,
 None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man toils to "gather up,"
 Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover,
And while he pours into his cup,
 Perceives not it is running over.
And thus we play the game of Life,
 Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
Now bribed by smiles, now spreading wiles,
 Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars,
 Philosophers dissect the thunder,
But both are stopp'd by crystal bars,
 And stand outside to watch and wonder.
We moralize on battle-plains,
 Where blood has poured, and fame was won,
We turn and see the baby's glee
 Over his mimic sword and gun.
And thus we play the game of Life,
 'Twixt holy Thought, and fearful Deed.
Some only stay to work and pray,
 And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
 Our wings of ether seek the sky;
We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
 Yet none can tell us "How?" or "Why?"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
 We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
 We solve the riddle in a sleep.
And thus we play the game of Life,
 In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are drest in that green vest
 For which the sexton takes our measure.

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